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COLONIAL TROOPS FOR THE CAPE.—DEPARTURE OF THE NEW SOUTH WALES LANCERS: THE SCENE IN FENCHURCH STREET.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

A shrewd American observer remarked to me some weeks ago that one danger threatened the cordial sentiment which, by divers happy chances, had flowered between Britain and America. The Alaskan boundary question? No. Venezuela? Oh dear, no! My American friend, who has a sardonic humour, chuckled over reminiscences of the defiance which President Cleveland and Mr. Olney, Secretary of State, flung at the grasping paw of the British Lion. "The martial Olney," said he, "intimated to Lord Salisbury that the ghost of President Monroe was vexed by the rapacity with which England stuck to her possessions on the American Continent. That stirred up our patriotism considerably; but at this moment the complaining ghost of Monroe cannot get a hearing. If he could, he would probably call on Olney to eat his warlike despatches, and Olney would meekly respond that campaign documents are stale pancakes. They are stuck away in the national larder, and even a Foreign Office cat would not look at them. No, it isn't Venezuela that threatens trouble; it's the yacht-race." He distrusted the rivalry of sportsmen more than the spleen of diplomatists, and thought the America Cup might prove a poisoned chalice, making bad blood between the two nations.

Well, that misgiving seems as legendary now as the bombast of Mr. Olney. The America Cup has some unhappy associations; but the fates have conspired to obliterate them. My American friend did not foresee that Admiral Dewey would return home in time for the yacht-racing, that he would receive a lion-cub from the owner of a menagerie, and would promptly christen it "Chichester," in honour of that typical British salt, the commander of H.M.S. *Immortalité*. When that cub grows up, takes his share of the watch on Admiral Dewey's flag-ship, assumes the British aspect that distinguishes the lion, and accompanies "God Save the Queen" with enthusiastic roaring, how on earth is Mr. Olney, or any other campaigning diplomatist, to protest against the symbols of British prestige in America? Observe, too, that just at this juncture the Paris arbitration tribunal gives its award on the Venezuelan dispute mainly in favour of England, and American opinion shows not a ripple of resentment. Nay, the elements themselves are in the conspiracy of goodwill, for the failure of three races between *Shamrock* and *Columbia* by the fiat of a dead calm, with *Shamrock* ahead at the ineffectual finish, may be designed either to familiarise the American public with the prospect of losing the Cup, or to make the ultimate victory of *Columbia* acceptable to the proud spirit of our islanders. As I write, it is impossible for the most astute soothsayer to forecast the issue; so I offer my spiritual conjecture as a solace to the mystical imaginations which cherish the Anglo-American amity, and know nothing about yachting.

It is unfortunate for the mere landsman when his emotions about international yachting are in excess of his technical knowledge. I have lately seen a Minister of the Crown much more deeply interested in the setting of *Shamrock's* spinnaker than in the Transvaal crisis. He has hung over the electrical apparatus which slowly ticks out the incomprehensible manoeuvres of the yachts, and has muttered discreet objurgations when the bewildered instrument has given up the job and gone off into a despairing chaos of the alphabet. I have known an audacious humorist to beguile the statesman into a corner on pretence of showing him how *Shamrock* sets her spinnaker on a blotting-pad. "You see, she starts from Pretoria, throws her boom over Laing's Nek, and having caught old Kruger in the windlass—!" An anxious inquirer bursts into a group of placid old gentlemen dozing by the fire after lunch, and says excitedly: "Have you seen in the morning papers that *Shamrock's* crew are at work on her bobstay? What are they up to?" "Tight-lacing her!" says one old gentleman gruffly.

I wonder whether the vast interest in this struggle for the America Cup will introduce yachting parlance into our current speech. Will a gentleman wheeling a barrow try to hasten a spacious gentleman who lingers on a street-crossing by crying, "Set your spinnaker, old lady"? When the mystery about the bobstay is cleared up, the word may become very useful for symbolical allusion. This is the way a language renews its youth. Mr. William Archer, who has been judiciously examining the American variations of the English tongue, points out that they are often justified by new social conditions which demand new phrases. American ingenuity is shown not only in the new phrase, but also in the fresh and piquant turn given to the old one. I saw in an English country railway-station lately this notice: "Loiterers in this station will be prosecuted." The warning was not strikingly successful, for it had no sting. In Chicago a railing which had become a too popular rendezvous was distinguished by this advertisement: "One more loafer wanted to sit on this rail." That rail was sedulously shunned. A bell at the door of a Chicago factory was effectually protected from mischievous boys by this information: "We pay a man to ring this bell." The utility of irony is strongly

marked in America; but to an English railway company it would be unintelligible.

It illustrates the excellent temper as well as the alertness of the American intelligence that this universal irony enters into the ordinary speech of social intercourse without offence. At table the Englishman, even of the gruff and laconic type, wreathes himself in smiles, and tunes a great voice to a lamblike bleat simply to request a neighbour to pass the mustard. The American affects to believe that the neighbour has appropriated the mustard, that only the sting of reproach can induce him to part with the mustard, and so you hear a voice with a slightly sardonic inflection say, "Do you care for the mustard?" The person thus addressed is not aggrieved; he does not look as if suddenly challenged to produce the mustard—pot from some place of concealment about his person. Mr. Andrew Lang, who says he prefers an old English phrase to its American equivalent, might be offended by this startling variation of the safe, civil, and familiar "Do you mind passing the mustard?" But even Mr. Lang, with all his delicate persiflage, is matter-of-fact compared to the imaginative American, who looks at everything from an ironical angle. Fancy, moreover, is one of the richest endowments of the American mind. It is lavished with such profusion in the American journals that even the advertisements in a newspaper are quite as good reading as any other section of it. The British advertiser makes little progress in this delightful branch of literature because he thinks that fancy has no more to do with business than irony with the circulation of the mustard.

With all his commercial aptitude the American has a sense of mystery. It does not take poetic form; there is no quest of holy grails and chivalrous phantoms; but there is a passion for abstractions. This is exemplified by the enigmatical questions and exhortations which pass from lip to lip and pen to pen all over the Union. Years ago I heard on all sides in America the inquiry, "Who struck Billy Paterson?" Having a mind that yearns for the heart of things, I tried to discover Mr. Paterson, his birthplace, pursuits, and social status. I met a great many people who approved this research; but they pointed out that it was more necessary to know who had struck Billy Paterson, in order that the offender might be suitably chastised. I urged them to consider that they could not do this without first discovering Mr. Paterson, and why he was struck. They seemed much impressed by this, shook me warmly by the hand, and said that for a man who habitually lived in London I was a marvel of penetration. On one occasion I was publicly introduced at a social gathering as a philosopher from England with a burning sense of equity that insisted upon knowing whether the striking of Billy Paterson was merited. This was received with perfect gravity, and a committee was appointed to inquire whether Paterson deserved it, and incidentally to find out, if possible, whether Mr. Gallagher, hero of the phrase, "Let her go, Gallagher," had any valid reason for keeping her in captivity.

Some English expressions, harmless and meaningless here, are not considered decorous in America. I don't know the origin of the imprecation, "son of a gun," which means no more to me than the equally historical and emphatic "son of a sea-cook." But in an American popular entertainment, not distinguished by polish, "son of a gun" is prohibited by the rules as offensive to the ears of women and children. "Son of a sea-cook" is familiar to me from childish days spent among seafarers who frequently used that expression in moments of hilarious controversy. The opprobrium of such paternity was never clear. Perhaps it had something to do with the quality of the ship's rations. I remember that it was constantly on the lips of an Irish mate, who, when there was trouble with some emigrants, seized one of them by the scruff of the neck, rubbed his nose against a copy of the ship's regulations, and cried, "Arrah, now, ye son of a sea-cook, can't ye read the Queen's English?" As the emigrant was a peasant from the middle of Russia, he remained unconscious of his filial relation to the cook who stood grinning at this scene from the door of the galley.

If "son of a gun" is obnoxious to refinement, I wonder whether any American comedian is allowed to describe another as "a limb." This term of abuse, I believe, is an abbreviation. In its original form it derives the limb from the parent of all evil. Even with this history it is heard in English nurseries. In one of Calverley's poems, constantly recited to women and children, a boy is thus described—

He was what nurses call "a limb."

Calverley is not unknown in America. Is he expurgated there, to the extent of this line, at all events?

Some people have queer notions of the martial spirit. One citizen seizes the present warlike opportunity to advocate the revival of cock-fighting. He says it is admirably congenial to the pugnacity of the Briton. I shall believe this when it is shown that any man is the more heroic for the sight of two birds pecking and clawing each other to death. If the bull always leapt the barrier, how many spectators would bull-fights have?

A LOOK ROUND.

The cool impudence of the Boer ultimatum should rouse even those home politicians who have been slumbering in a fool's paradise as regards the Transvaal. Audaciously claiming to speak for the whole of South Africa, the Pretoria State Secretary had the temerity to wire to Sir Alfred Milner at Cape Town last Monday that, if the reinforcements landed since June 1 be not "removed from South Africa within a reasonable time," and if an understanding is not come to "that her Majesty's troops which are now on the high seas shall not be landed in any port in South Africa," then the silence of her Majesty's Government with respect to these extraordinary demands would be regarded "as a formal declaration of war." From the Queen's Ministers there could be but one answer. Firm expression of a determination to maintain the supremacy of England throughout South Africa cannot fail to be heartily indorsed by the great majority of the nation. The Boers court the arbitrament of shot and shell. They must take the consequences.

We are never surprised when anything extraordinary is associated with the country of our very good friends the Americans. Elsewhere, one day of light breezes would have been sufficient, but in New York waters there must needs be a succession of afternoons of such gentle zephyrs that two yachts, built essentially for speed, are unable to sail thirty miles in five and a half hours. On three days last week, Oct. 3, 5, and 7, the captains of *Shamrock* and *Columbia* "scraped the skies" without finding the means to beat the scythe-bearer; and after drifting in practically helpless fashion, had to put up with the disappointment attached to "no race." One thing proved beyond doubt by the "drifts" of last week was that both Sir Thomas Lipton and Mr. Iselin have placed their yachts in capable hands. Both were handled very smartly by Captains Hogarth and Barr.

A fourth attempt to decide the first race between *Columbia* and *Shamrock* was to have been made on Tuesday last; but, unfortunately, there was no opportunity either for the display of smart seamanship or sailing qualities. Fog stopped everything, and great was the disappointment.

Norwich Musical Festival began on Oct. 3 with Berlioz's "Faust," Madame Albani and Messrs. Edward Lloyd, Andrew Black, and Robert Radford being the soloists. The choir was excellent, and Mr. Randegger conducted with great ability. Thursday week the chief novelty, "The Passion of Christ," by the Italian priest-composer Dom Perosi, was performed with moderate success, the oratorio appearing somewhat feeble beside the glorious "Messiah" of Handel, which on Friday attracted 1400 visitors. Sir Hubert Parry's "Song of Darkness and Light" proved a fine composition by the popular Principal of the Royal College of Music. Mr. Elgar's "Sea Pictures"; some charming songs beautifully rendered by Miss Clara Butt, and Mr. German's suite, "The Seasons," were successful items; and Mr. Cowen's "Ode to the Passions" was also well received. The festival concluded with Mr. Coleridge Taylor's "Song of Hiawatha" and selections from Wagner's works.

The Cesarewitch result on Wednesday was not a surprise. Mr. R. A. Oswald's Scintillant won (F. Wood up); and Tommy Loates steered Mr. W. Wilson's Erecloune into second place; Mr. A. Wagg's Mitcham securing third place.

It was a rather severe blow to those who pin their faith to Lord William Beresford's usually successful stable when Democrat was beaten by Forfarshire in the race for the Imperial Produce Stakes at Kempton Park, and the rich prize was given to Mr. Ex-Sheriff Dewar. Forfarshire, however, has clearly made great progress during the autumn, and the news of his victory must have been very welcome to his breeder, Mr. R. A. Brice, the well-known coursing judge. The result of the Duke of York Stakes was another surprise. It must have been a bitter pill to those who looked upon Mount Prospect as an almost certain winner to see the son of Gallinule and Gretchen just beaten by a neck by Erecloune in the last few strides.

The chief dramatic novelties in town are noted on another page. Here it may be remarked that at the Shaftesbury that evergreen musical play, "The Belle of New York," last Monday celebrated its six hundredth performance and with such popular pets as the bewitching Salvation girl, Miss Edna May, looking prettier than ever, and the polite lunatic, Mr. J. F. Sullivan, still in the cast, and many additional delightful numbers added to the score, seems quite assured of a new lease of life. Meantime the Avenue and Prince of Wales's managements have attempted to furnish additional attractions at their respective houses by producing new one-act dramas of strenuous interest. Miss Granville prefaces that slight comedy, "An Interrupted Honeymoon," with a little piece by Mr. Hartley Manners, entitled "The Queen's Messenger," which shows that functionary entrapped and afterwards remorsefully released by a lady spy. In their turn Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell reinforce the exotic charm of Mr. Fernald's attractive but irritating Japanese romance, "The Moonlight Blossom," with an exciting episode of the French Revolution, styled "The Sacrament of Judas." M. Louis Tiercelin's one-act drama may be roughly described as dealing with a case of conscience rather similar to that examined by "John Oliver Hobbes," in "A Repentance"—the case of a renegade who repents of his apostasy and atones for it by his death. In "The Sacrament of Judas" the hero is a Catholic priest of Republican sympathies, who has renounced his sacred office and is only recalled to a consciousness of its claims upon him by the peril of a refugee Count and the demand for absolution which this aristocrat makes upon him. The piece makes a very moving if a rather lurid play, and enables Mr. Forbes Robertson, as the conscience-stricken priest, to offer a fine example of intense and imaginative acting.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR.—THE SITUATION REVIEWED.

BY AN OFFICER WHO HAS SERVED IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The die is cast. The fatuity of the Boer Government in practically declaring war against England if our troops were not withdrawn rendered hostilities inevitable. General Sir Redvers Buller having had a hand in organising the splendid and powerful Army Corps, of fifty thousand men or thereabouts, he is to command, leaves England at the end of this week for South Africa, where he won his V.C. so valorously. At the front in Natal he has a most capable representative in Sir George White, who, fresh from the counsels of the Commander-in-Chief at the War Office, is the best man for the emergency in that important British Colony.

Mr. Kruger lost a good opportunity. From the arrival of the first shipload of troops from India, the chances of invading Natal with any prospects of even temporary success became infinitesimal. Now, happily, the danger is wholly extinguished. It is no longer of any consequence to us *why* there was no attack last week, and we may content ourselves with the reflection that adequate forces are being disposed to meet any hostile incursions.

We have now arrived at the second stage of the military situation; and the study of this and succeeding phases may be facilitated by a scrutiny of the map presented with this week's *Illustrated London News*. At first the Boers were comparatively strong and our forces comparatively weak. Natal, indeed, was in a serious, though perhaps not actually perilous condition. The Boers might have attacked successfully, and certainly were strong enough to justify them (from a purely military point of view) in making the attempt. Now the position represents a sort of stale-mate; neither side is sufficiently powerful to take the offensive.

The third stage will be reached on the arrival of our Army Corps, when the paramount Power will have ample strength at its disposal to make good its supremacy.

The necessity for rehabilitating British prestige in Africa beyond all shadow of doubt, dictates a policy now which can only be followed by an occupation of Transvaal territory, if only for a very brief period. The terms of peace and the final settlement of the question, "Briton or Boer," must be arranged at Pretoria, and in presence of an effective exhibition of armed strength.

The disarmament of the Boer Republics is a *sine qua non* to a satisfactory termination of the existing complications. We cannot allow ourselves to be left in danger of any need for similar operations to those now in process of development. The pacification of South Africa must be final and immediate, and it must, moreover, be of such a drastic character that armed opposition is almost certain to be offered. No; the Boers will not yield without fighting, but our strength will be so great that the contest will be neither long nor bloody.

It is impossible to give any close idea of how the re-occupation will be carried out. Sir Redvers Buller, we may be quite sure, will keep his own counsel until the time has come to put his plans into practice. Probably the number of officers, including the Commander-in-Chief, who know what is intended, could be counted upon the fingers of one hand. Yet there are a few points upon which it is fairly safe to venture opinions. To begin with, we may feel assured that the columns of invasion will consist of a main attack, in great force, supported by what will amount to little more than "demonstrations" elsewhere—even though one or more of the minor columns may be of no inconsiderable magnitude. The greatest of the minor columns, say 12,000 men, will undoubtedly march on Bloemfontein, and therefrom proceed northwards, perhaps until it joins hands with the main body, which will assuredly operate from Natal, and probably from Ladysmith, via Harrismith and Villiersdorp, through the Orange Free State to Johannesburg and Pretoria. The Natal route is the shortest, and therefore, since it is good in other respects, the best.

The advantages of relying chiefly upon a very strong force are great. In the first place, if the Boers are to oppose its advance they must concentrate their strength in order to do so. This will prevent the enemy from overwhelming any of our minor columns in detail, and at the same time it weakens their defence, for the simple reason that in a large body they will be found to have comparatively less fighting value than if split up into small mobile columns. Irregulars are incapable of great technical manoeuvres, and fall an easy prey to trained soldiers. Assuming, however, for the sake of argument, that General Joubert declines to cross swords with Sir Redvers Buller's main body, then, clearly, the latter marches on to Pretoria, while the minor columns adopt a defensive attitude in order to guard against counter-invasion.

Meanwhile we must be content to possess our souls with patience for several weeks to come. What with mobilisation and transport to the front, it seems most unlikely that Sir Redvers Buller can be in a position to cross the frontier earlier than the middle of December. By that time the grass on the veldt will be plentiful and in good heart, so that animals will be enabled to thrive upon it in hard work. This fact will, of course, equally assist both belligerents—or perhaps show a slight balance in our own favour.

BOOKS TO READ.

LONDON: Oct. 10, 1899.

Not so very long ago, my dear cousin, it was the fashion in young literary circles to be very serious on the subject of style, and to pretend that nothing else mattered very much. Books were short; often they told us nothing, but they told it extremely well. That fashion has gone by, and, if I may judge from two books that lie on the table before me, we are in for a period of long colloquial volumes, wherein the author just writes down everything that comes into his head. The result is a very big book, into which one dips here and there again and again without being tempted to read steadily through from the first page to the last.

The books to which I refer are Mr. Rider Haggard's "A Farmer's Year" (Longmans), and Mrs. Earle's "More Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden" (Smith, Elder). Mrs. Earle's first volume of "Pot-Pourri," with its delightful go-as-you-please method, you will remember. "More Pot-Pourri" is written in the same pleasant, garrulous fashion. To each month of the year Mrs. Earle devotes a chapter, and she writes of the topic that happens to be in her mind at the moment—gardening, housekeeping, birds, trees, children, diet—quite without artifice. How to preserve eggs, Galileo's persecution, Mr. Stephen Phillips's poetry, favourite flowers, illness, are some of the subjects that catch the eye as one turns the pages. And all is genial, and readable, and immaterial.

Mr. Haggard's "Farmer's Year" is much the same size, and built on the same model; but he is more ambitious, and, if I may say so, more sententious than Mrs. Earle. His "Farmer's Year" is the common-place-book of a gentleman farmer for one year, and you who are fond of quiet reading about country things should like it. It seems but the other day that Mr. Rider Haggard published "King Solomon's Mines"; yet this, I see, is his twenty-third volume. A book of the same type as Mrs. Earle's, but written with a finer literary touch, is "The Solitary Summer" (Macmillan), by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." It is a book of summer, sunshine, and flowers. She is a sunny, contented person is Elizabeth, unwavering in her belief that "the world is a dear and lovely place, with everything in it to make us happy so long as we walk humbly and diet ourselves." The garden is in North Germany, within a drive of the Baltic: there she lives with her husband and her babies, her flowers and her books, enjoying every minute of every day, and passing on something of her joy in life to us. The author of "The Solitary Summer" is a young woman bearing a well-known English name, who has married into one of the smaller German royal houses. She has observation, a sense of humour, and a gentle gift of satire which she uses with considerable effect against her German neighbours.

Of new novels and stories there is no lack. I cannot say I found Mr. Kipling's "Stalky and Co." (Macmillan) very alluring reading, probably because the schoolboy in fiction has no great attraction for me. Stalky, Beetle, and M-Turk, the three vividly realised boys who dominate the book, are just about as brutal, slangy, and tyrannical as schoolboys can be. The stories centre round this terrible trio, their works and their ways, at a school near Bideford. Mr. Kipling does nothing to palliate their ferocious humour, their horrid pranks, their contempt, verging on cruelty, for their under-masters; yet one feels throughout it all that they will grow up into brave if unintellectual men—frontier men, the men the nation counts upon in a crisis. I do not suggest that you will derive pleasure from reading "Stalky and Co."; but it should be read as affording another example of the thoroughness of Mr. Kipling's genius, his power to project himself into an environment, and his marvellous memory. For there can be no doubt that he himself was one of the trio, and that many of the incidents are autobiographical. Here, as in "Captains Courageous" and the locomotive stories, he goes straight to the point, omits nothing, and, for choice, would rather shock his readers than attract them. He keeps his own point of view always, rough and rugged though it may be; he wrestles so bravely with his subject that I, for one, however uninterested I may be in school-boys, or cod-fish, or locomotives, succumb when he flashes another facet of his genius upon the town.

Two other novels I have been reading. They have a particular interest, being the work of two young writers whose initial volumes were hailed as showing something more than promise. "Zack," whose baptismal name is Gwendolin Keats, is a protégée of the house of Blackwood. Last year she published a volume of powerful short stories under the title "Life is Life." Her new volume is a study of a moral coward: of a man who struggles against an inherited weak will—and fails. The end is tragic—unnecessarily so, I think. The gloom of the story, which is laid in Devonshire among farmers and villagers, is relieved by Phoebe, a charming and sympathetic character, pure gold, who suffers great things for stealing the fifteen pounds necessary to purchase her lover's discharge from the Army. "Zack" can write; she loves the use of words, and she has a real gift of characterisation.

Mr. Neil Munro has talent. His style is the antithesis of "Zack's." His is atmospheric, rhythmical, meandering; hers tense, terse, and incisive. "Gilian, the Dreamer" (Isbister) is a Scots tale, romantic and charged with sentiment. Gilian, the dreamer, who ever lets "I dare not wait upon I would," is pitted against young Islay, a virile and vigorous soldier, who knows what he wants and in the end gets it—

"Nan, Nan," he whispered, "you are mine! Did I not tell you?"

"I suppose I am," she whispered faintly. Then to herself: "Poor Gilian!"

She tried to free herself, and the white heather at her neck fell between them. She stooped for it, and he to get her kiss; but she was first successful. To him she held out the twig of pale bells.

From this quotation you know the manner of the book. I prefer "Zack." The difference between them is this: Mr. Munro takes an environment and drops his characters into it. "Zack" finds her characters and makes them create their environment.

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THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: TROOPS FOR THE CAPE.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

37TH FIELD BATTERY ROYAL ARTILLERY: OFFICERS AND NON COMS. OF THE HOWITZER BRIGADE DIVISION.



Photo. Gregory.

COLONEL AND OFFICERS OF THE 10TH HUSSARS.



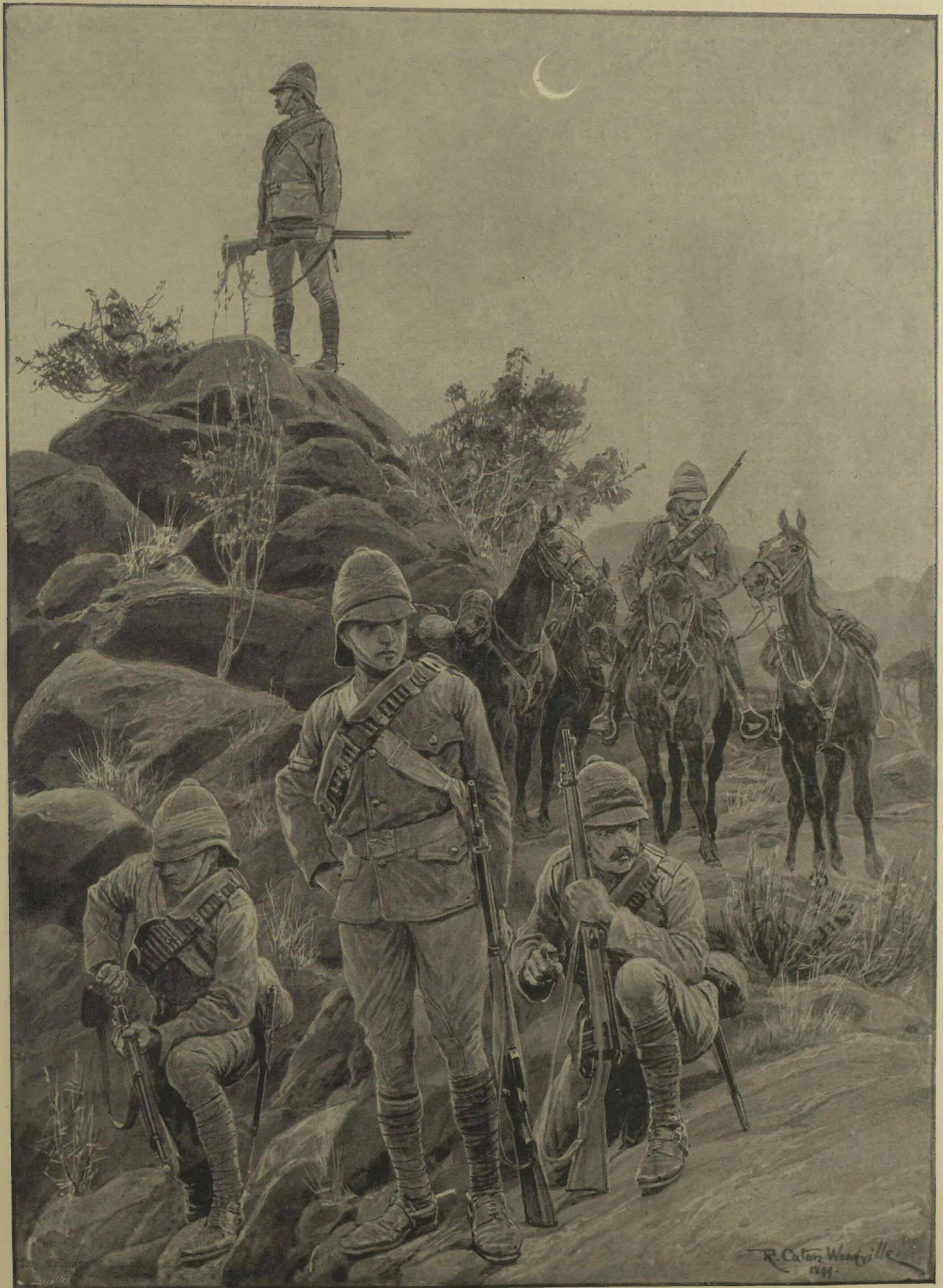
Photo. Knight, Aldershot.

COLONEL AND OFFICERS OF THE 13TH HUSSARS.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

CENTRE SECTION 37TH FIELD BATTERY ROYAL ARTILLERY (OMDURMAN MEN).



SOUTH AFRICAN WARFARE: MOUNTED INFANTRY RECONNOITRING.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS.

Whispers of peace heard here and there during the last week, however eagerly encouraged in the ante-room or the smoking-room, have had no existence for the great departments responsible for the transport of men, arms, and provisions to the seat of possible war, and now the news of the Boer ultimatum has rendered the necessity for warlike preparation doubly urgent. Dockyards have been resounding with a clamour which deafened ears to all but the imperative summons to speed forth transport-vessels to the Cape. Of the men who have embarked, various groups are given among our Illustrations, including the company of New South Wales Lancers, to whom London gave a particularly enthusiastic greeting on Tuesday morning. Those persons to whom the pathos of war is brought nearer by the sight of nurses and surgeons than by that of soldiers and guns, will be attracted to the Illustration of a group of nurses on board the *Braemar Castle*, which left Southampton on Friday afternoon last week with over 1500 officers and men on board. A special hospital-ship has been requisitioned for use in case of the actual outbreak of hostilities. Horses, carefully inspected for their fitness for foreign service, have been sent forth in numbers to join forces in South Africa with strong contingents of donkeys and mules, collected from various quarters. From Bombay come reports of exertions which ought only to stimulate our own. The Royal Artillery 42nd Field Battery leaving the Prince's Dock in that city affords the subject of an Illustration. There, as here, sheds and wharves are crowded with war material and commissariat stores; officers in campaigning kit are to be met at every turn, and fresh train-loads of soldiers arrive for embarkation to South Africa. Captain Goodridge, R.N., and the officers of the Indian Marine and the Port officials have done their work so well as to be quoted here by certain critics—a race that fails not—as examples to the organisers at home. At the other end, great calls have been made on the staff responsible for the arrangements for the disembarkation of troops and stores. The warrant calling out the Reserves has been issued, and also the Proclamation by which Parliament is summoned for Oct. 17.

Among our Illustrations will be found an interesting bird's-eye view of Johannesburg, which is becoming a deserted city. The latest reports say that the carpenter

THE RIFLE BRIGADE.

The Rifle Brigade (the Prince Consort's Own) can reasonably lay claim to a history of glory as old as the century. In 1800 certain detachments of the Royals—the 21st, the 23rd, the 25th, the 27th, the 29th, the 49th, the 56th, the 69th, and the 71st Regiments—were told off into a provisional battalion that saw service at Ferrol. It was



BADGE OF THE RIFLE BRIGADE.

then disbanded, but only to be reformed from detachments of Light Infantry regiments, to take part in the Copenhagen Expedition of 1801. A year later it was numbered the 95th of the line, and a second battalion was added. At Monte Video, under Auchmuty, then in Denmark again, then at New Orleans, at Fort Boyer, it took a part which prepared the way for all the triumphs of the Peninsular War, where it was present at Corunna, at Badajoz, at Salamanca, and at a dozen other famous fields. It helped to defend Cadiz, and to keep the lines at Torres Vedras. There were three battalions to take a fair share of the fighting at Quatre Bras and Waterloo, at Alma, Inkerman, and Sevastopol. The laurels it had won when it was called the Rifle Brigade were richly merited.

DEPARTURE OF COLONIAL TROOPS.

Londoners had their first opportunity of cheering troops departing for South Africa on Tuesday, Oct. 10. On that day the detachment of New South Wales Lancers, which has been in training at Aldershot for several months past, and which has volunteered for the Cape, passed through the Metropolis en route for Tilbury. The men, over one hundred strong, commanded by Captain Cox, arrived at Waterloo at 7.45, and were received by Major-General Trotter, Captain Bailey, and Colonel Ivor Herbert. The Guards' Band played the troops along the streets, lined with enthusiastic crowds, to Fenchurch Street Station. Before the Mansion House the Lancers halted and were addressed by the Lord Mayor, who afterwards led the singing of the National Anthem. Our Illustration shows the scene outside the Donald Currie Offices in Fenchurch Street. All along the line the cheering was incessant, and the crowd pressed so eagerly upon the troops that it was with difficulty they could keep their ranks. Captain Cox communicated to the Press a hearty message of thanks to the English people for their good wishes. At the last moment Colonel Ivor Herbert walked along the platform, shaking hands with the men, and wishing them "Good luck." As the train steamed out of the station, "Auld Lang Syne" and the National Anthem were sung by soldiers and citizens.

QUEEN'S PRESENTATION OF COLOURS.

The Queen, in presenting new colours to the 2nd Battalion of the Seaforth Highlanders at Balmoral on the last Friday of September, did not seek to elude the photographer. The trooping of the old colours for the last time, while the band played "Auld Lang Syne," made a pretty spectacle; so did the reception of the new colours by the two kneeling Lieutenants. But the personal interest is stronger even than the spectacular; and, naturally enough, on the Queen herself and the royal party the greatest part of the attention of the bystanders was turned.

MISS JULIA NEILSON AS CONSTANCE.

Carmen Sylva, the Queen of Roumania, says somewhere that a woman in a passion resembles a nightingale screaming like an angry peacock. This is somewhat unfair, however, to the magnificent possibilities of beauty and poetry and truth that are provided by stormy scenes in the lives of great and beautiful women. The "lovely vixen," the "fair fury," has been a theme of poetry since the days of Homer and the Greek dramatists. There is something remarkably arresting in the sight of a beautiful



Photo. T. Miller, Ballater.

PRESENTATION OF NEW COLOURS TO THE 2ND BATTALION SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS AT BALMORAL.

is now the only prosperous man there, his time being fully occupied in making packing-cases and barricades to defend the plate-glass windows of the shops. On the same page will be found another view of Laing's Nek, showing the graves of the British soldiers of the 58th Regiment who fell there in 1881. We also illustrate the camp headquarters at Ladysmith, where the King's Liverpool Regiment is at present stationed.

Our double-page Illustration deals with the camp of the British South African Police under Colonel Plumer, stationed a few miles out of Bulawayo. Colonel Plumer's column is about 450 strong, and the camp is practically without shelter. The scene in the stable-yard shows a line of horses on a picket-ropes. Another Illustration shows an ingenious method of watering horses in the field by means of long troughs supplied by portable pumps placed at regular intervals.

Then, from 1846 to 1853, it had a hand in the Kaffir War, and, in 1857, in the quelling of the Indian Mutiny. In 1862 the Brigade received its present proud title, the Prince Consort's Own, a title which has secured for it on several occasions the particular interest of the Queen. Its various battalions have seen plenty of service during later years—now in Ashanti, now in Burma, now in India. They have honours quite their own; for, where other regiments have Colonels only, the supreme commanding officers of the Prince Consort's Own are entitled "Colonel-in-Chief" and "Colonel Commandant." The black facings are part of the history of the regiment, having been added because the dark green tunic was hard to distinguish against the cork-tree foliage in Spain. The sealskin busby carried a black plume, and the buttons bear the crest of a bugle within a laurel-wreath.

face all rapt and transfigured by the divine sincerity of anger. And of no character is this more true than it is of Constance in the play of "King John," with a magnificent revival of which Mr. Beerbohm Tree is at present delighting the town. What a sincerity of wrath, what an intense viciousness, there is in that use of the "baby" form of the possessive—"it" for "its"—

Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig!

Miss Julia Neilson, in her very able presentation of the character at Her Majesty's Theatre, brings out the concentrated scorn of that utterance with remarkable and telling effect. And she is no less admirable in those poignant scenes where the mother, widowed and bereft, wails for "the pure and vanished beauty of her Arthur dear."

PERSONAL.

Oom Paul having assumed the part of Bombastes Furioso, it is of happy augury that the brilliant soldier on whom the chief burden of organisation has fallen in England—Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley—is in splendid health. The Commander-in-Chief, though over sixty, looks in the very prime of life; and his brightness and cheeriness inspire the utmost confidence in him at this juncture.

The Bishop of London is a very able man, but he has no gift for persiflage. He addressed a meeting of ladies on the subject of matrimonial duties, and remarked that he had never been a mother, and could not hope at his age to become one. This shows that all the learning and acumen in the world will not help a man to make a tolerable joke.

Colonel J. F. Brocklehurst, who has just been despatched for special service in South Africa, is forty-seven years of age, having been born in 1852. Colonel Brocklehurst served throughout the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, and received the Bronze Star and the medal with clasp at the termination of the war. He was also engaged in the Sudan Campaign of 1884-85, and for his services on that occasion was favourably mentioned in despatches, and granted his Majority. Colonel Brocklehurst was lately commanding officer of the



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
COLONEL J. F. BROCKLEHURST.

Royal Horse Guards. He is one of the distinguished officers in the choice of whom for South Africa the Commander-in-Chief has shown such sound judgment.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau has greatly increased his personal prestige by settling the strike at Creuzot, which had become a grave public danger. His intervention was accepted, and his award has the almost miraculous virtue of satisfying both sides. This fresh proof of the substantial benefits which the present Ministry has conferred upon France may be contrasted with the boast of M. Méline that his patriotic sagacity has been justified. M. Méline was the Minister who said there was no *Affaire Dreyfus*.

General Mercier informs the world through an interviewer that his patriotism has been crowned with glory. He admits that he lost his "usual equilibrium," but was none the less able to serve his country. Has he not shown how the nefarious "syndicate of treason" sought to ruin France? This self-confidence suggests that General Mercier never had any equilibrium to lose.

Lord Halifax defied the Archbishops, and now he defies the Bishops. Much to his disappointment, they have accepted the Lambeth judgment, and the Ritualist clergy are everywhere making their submission. Lord Halifax invited the canonical authority to sit in judgment, and now it has decided against him he hints at Disestablishment, and says the Church must have "spiritual autonomy." But even an autonomous Church would either have to obey her Bishops or break into sects.

The Queen misses one name from the list of her Honorary Physicians by the death of Surgeon-General Sir Charles A. Gordon, K.C.B.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SURGEON-GENERAL GORDON.

Born in 1821, he joined the Buffs as Assistant-Surgeon in 1841, and two years later served with the 16th Lancers in the Gwalior Campaign, receiving the Bronze Star in commemoration of the battle of Maharajpore, of which he was one of the last survivors. Risky and therefore particularly valuable service on the West Coast of Africa in the 'forties gained for him a grateful mention in a despatch; and the Indian Mutiny gave him opportunities for witnessing the capture of Lucknow and for winning his C.B. The Legion of Honour came to him from France after the Franco-German War and the siege of Paris, at which he was present through the accident of his having been sent by our War Office as Commissioner to the French Army. He retired from service nearly twenty years ago, and in 1897 was promoted to be K.C.B. on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee.

There is wrath in Scotland at the light sentence imposed on Dr. Colquhoun, City Treasurer of Glasgow, for wholesale embezzlement. Dr. Colquhoun stole systematically, and spent the money gambling. A five years' sentence means that in less than four years he will be a free man. Such a penalty certainly does not fit the crime.

Colonel-Commandant F. H. Poore, of the Royal Marine Artillery, who has been promoted Major-General, has handed over the command of the Royal Marine Artillery (Portsmouth Division) to Colonel G. F. Pengeley. Colonel Poore, who is a very popular officer with all ranks, was formerly Equerry to his Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. He is fifty-eight years of age, and attained the rank of Colonel in 1893, and that of Colonel-Commandant in 1896. His successor, Colonel Pengeley, will be granted the rank of Colonel-Commandant on assuming his new position.



Photo. Russell.
COLONEL-COMMANDANT F. H. POORE.

Miss Felicia M. F. Skene, who died at Oxford on Oct. 7, in her seventy-ninth year, will be remembered by many as a woman worker who inclined towards quiet methods. She took no part in movements or agitations, but this did not hinder her activity, which began as long ago as 1854. In that year Miss Skene organised a band of nurses to cope with the cholera epidemic in Oxford, and her nursing work was continued through the Crimean War, under the guidance of Florence Nightingale. A large circle of private friends, including the great Master of Balliol, regarded Miss Skene with reverence and affection. With young people she was especially sympathetic. Her father, the late James Skene, was the intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott, and a few years ago Miss Skene published in *Blackwood* her reminiscences of the novelist.

The Lady Mayoress of Manchester, Mrs. Vaudrey, who is President of the Ladies' Auxiliary Movement, and who takes a strong interest in this work in Manchester and Salford, is the daughter of the late Mr. Septimus C. M. Slade, of Ealing, Middlesex, and niece to the late Major-General W. H. Slade. The Slades belong to an old Dorsetshire family, whose present head is Sir Cuthbert Slade, Bart., of Maunsel, Somerset. Mrs. Vaudrey leads a particularly busy and full life, and is a woman of many and varied interests. The Lord Mayor of Manchester, as Official President of the Lifeboat Saturday Fund, has also rendered valuable services in connection with the recent demonstration.



Photo. Evans & Sons.
MRS. W. H. VAUDREY,
The Lady Mayoress of Manchester.

The extraordinary case of Emily Burrell shows the importance of a practical knowledge of medicine by the police. Emily Burrell lay apparently dead in her bed in Southwark. The police were called in, and a shutter was called for to carry the remains to the mortuary. All the time Emily Burrell was in a cataleptic trance, conscious of what was going on, but unable to move an eyelid. Luckily one of the constables knew something about cataleptic seizures, and the tests applied to bodies to determine whether life is extinct. He applied his knowledge, and Emily Burrell was saved. That policeman ought to be promoted.

Lieutenant-General Edmund Faunce, C.B., whose death took place recently at Southsea, had seen

a good deal of service in India. During the years 1857-58 he was actively employed in the suppression of the Mutiny, accompanying the detachment from the Dorundah Field Force, under the command of Major Macdonnell, to act against the insurgents of Palimow. Thirty years later he was in command of the 2nd Brigade in the Burmese Expedition of 1888-89, on which occasion he won honourable mention in despatches and received the Companionship of the Bath.



Photo. Russell.
THE LATE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL FAUNCE.

Mr. Walter Long, President of the Board of Agriculture, does not find the farming outlook so dreary as is generally supposed in at least one important branch. At the Moreton-in-the-Marsh Shire Horse Show on Oct. 3, Mr. Long pointed out that France must always be dependent on Great Britain for first-class and reliable horses for purposes of stock. Our own stock had vastly improved in quality within recent years, and in first-class pedigree we lead the van. Perhaps we are destined to witch Gallic Anglophobia away with noble horsemanship.

The Prefect of the Seine has prohibited bull-fights in his Department. This is a natural consequence of the scene at Enghien. The bull leapt the barrier in the endeavour to escape, and was pursued by a mob with revolvers. The wonder is that nobody was shot. To any decent police administration such a pastime is intolerable.

The activities of the Transport Department at home during the past month have been recognised on many occasions in our columns. What is so troublesome to despatch is sometimes equally troublesome to receive; and it is but fair that the Transport officials in South Africa should have their full share of praise.

One of the chief of these is Captain E. B. Van Koughnet, whose portrait, taken before he left England, is now reproduced. Mr. Koughnet's unique knowledge of the difficulties to be surmounted renders his services of great and peculiar value at such a crisis as the present. General Muravieff lately visited San Sebastian, and it was gravely asserted in Paris that he did so for the purpose of persuading Spain to join the European league against England. Count Muravieff has contradicted this statement, which, indeed, is a reflection on his intelligence. After the figure cut by Spain in the war with America, diplomatists are not likely to invite her co-operation in anything.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
CAPTAIN E. B. VAN KOUGHNET, R.N.,
Transport Officer at the Cape.

It is a curious thing that just as we are preparing to send 50,000 men to South Africa we should hear wild tales from Afghanistan—how the Ameer has gone mad, how numbers of her subjects are flying over the Russian frontier, and how Russia may find it necessary to take some steps to put an end to this inconvenient incursion. Still, there seems some ground for the belief that the Ameer is in a highly explosive state. His European advisers are quitting the country. One of these, who had lived fourteen years at Kabul, is said to have left a large property behind him, and to be afraid to return to claim it. Parsimony is one of Abdurrahman's weaknesses.

Tears, not altogether idle, are said to have been drawn from the eyes of the Hampton Fire Brigade by the discovery that a trophy which that gallant body had recently won in public competition was not made of sterling silver. Further, a cheque for 48 3s., which supplemented the cup, was dishonoured at the bank. This was too "tall," even for a Fire Brigade, and the members are now seeking legal redress.

The maker of beer is a man much concerned with the health of the people, when that people is the English. That was a truth well understood by Mr. J. H. Gretton, whose death is reported from Grantham Lodge, his residence at Cowes. Mr. Gretton was a director of the firm of Bass, Ratcliff, and Gretton, Limited, of Burton-on-Trent; and he had made himself an expert in the chemistry of brewing. Mr. Gretton was known far and wide as a philanthropist, and all the time he could spare from the scientific side of his business, in which he chiefly took delight, was devoted to good works.



Photo. Macdonald & Fox.
THE LATE MR. JOHN GRETTON.

Most readable of guides is the little volume reissued by the "P. and O." Company, entitled the "P. and O. Pocket-Book." It abounds in maps and useful information for voyagers, and contains interesting articles by Sir Edwin Arnold and others on the various countries to which the P. and O. steamers convey passengers with the acme of comfort. The conspicuous merits of the P. and O. boats are especially noticeable in the latest steamer launched at Greenock, the *Asayee*, a magnificent vessel of 7300 tons, replete with all the comforts Sir Thomas Sutherland, M.P., sees all the P. and O. ships possess. This superb masterpiece of ship-building was constructed under Admiralty inspection with a view to its adaptability for the conveyance of troops, as is the case with her two sister-ships.

THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: OFF TO THE CAPE.



Photo. Cribb, Southampton.

ARMY SERVICE CORPS LEAVING PORTSMOUTH TO EMBARK FOR SOUTH AFRICA.



Photo. Cribb.

ARMY SERVICE CORPS: HARNESS AND SADDLES FOR "THE FRONT."



Photo. Gregory.

LIEUT.-GEN. LORD METHUEN, TO COMMAND SIR REDVERS BULLER'S FIRST DIVISION.



5BEA9.

THE ROYAL ARTILLERY 42ND FIELD BATTERY LEAVING PRINCE'S DOCK, BOMBAY, FOR THE TRANSVAAL.

From a Sketch by J. Perriman Years, Bombay.



STERN DUTY

BY
G. Montbard.

AA

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.

IT was on a sombre December night in 1870, in a hamlet of the Vosges lost at the bottom of a gorge, on the fringe of a forest.

The hurricane howled, the snow fell in fine, close grains, whirling round and round in the bitter north wind, powdering the walls, coiffing the roofs in white, beating the naked trees with its subtle sleet.

It was near eleven o'clock. Almost all the fires had long since been put out; the shutters closed, the doors shut and bolted. Most of these, besides, were barricaded, for the people feared the constant passage of Prussian troops and, above all, the tail of vagabonds they dragged behind them in tow—dangerous and pillaging bands, who were the terror of the inhabitants.

A light remained in a single house; in the frame of one of the windows stood out a pale reddish square, a mournful glimmer, trembling isolated in the heavy gloom, and in the tumult of the unchained elements.

The door opened inwards, pushed by a young girl. A puff of wind swirled into the room, the window-curtains flew about, the flame of the lamp vacillated, flared up in a scarlet tongue above the neck of the glass, and the embers burnt more brightly on the hearth. Some fine ash-dust, in an instant dispersed, ascended in light volutes and fell back on to the massive iron dogs, on to the polished flags of the fireside, which it overspread with a thin grey layer.

On the round walnut table placed in the centre of the apartment were set two covers. When the door gaped open, an old peasant-woman, the servant of the dwelling, sharply raised her head and saw the young girl was alone. A pleat barred her forehead, whilst her angular and tanned face suddenly clouded. She approached the table, and with the palm of her hand protecting the flame of the lamp, which in the cutting draught threatened to go out, inquired—

"Nothing?"

"Nothing," answered the young girl.

The old woman's features became still more contracted; she mechanically smoothed a wrinkle in the tablecloth with her great knotty fingers, and gave a grumble.

The young girl had rid herself of her mantle, and, very pale, standing erect near the window, raised the white muslin curtain, to scrutinise the darkness. Profound anxiety furrowed her fine, regular features, and her bosom rose in uncontrollable emotion. From the extremities of rebellious locks, shading her temples, drops of melted snow quivered with scintillations, and falling one by one, rolled like tears down her cheeks. With a painful sigh she let the curtain fall, and seated herself quite overcome.

The servant, very much upset, watched all her movements.

"You will make yourself ill, Mdlle. Marthe, if you go on worrying like that without rhyme or reason."

"Without rhyme or reason, Marianne!"

And she gave the peasant woman such a reproachful look that she was stirred to the bottom of her heart.

"But yes, Mademoiselle, there is no more cause to be anxious now than at other times. If your father has not yet returned, it is no doubt because the bad weather has delayed him. Perhaps he has taken shelter at a farm. And then! Does one ever know at what hour of the day or night he will arrive, whatever he may tell us? Once at the heels of those pagans, nothing can restrain him, he never loses sight of them, never parts company with them, until he has sent at least one to his Creator to hand in his accounts, as he says, when he is in high spirits."

And quoting designedly this favourite expression of her master, she gave a forced smile, to hide her own anxiety, and bring a little calm to the troubled mind of the young girl.

"But supposing the Prussians, in their turn, have succeeded in getting hold of him, and have then shot him! For, you know as well as I do, Marianne, that they give no quarter to those who do not belong to the regular army, and fight against them. They are pitiless, and summarily kill all *francs-tireurs* who fall into their hands."

"Ah, Mademoiselle! however can you have such ideas? It's the anxiety that is acting on you, and you see everything in black to-day."

"I can't help it, my good Marianne; I feel a sort of

presentiment that something has happened, that my father has been surprised—"

"Surprised! One can easily see you don't know the Captain, Mademoiselle! If ever he lets himself be surprised, I'll lose my place in Paradise; he is too smart for that, no fear! They can do what they please, run after him from morning to night; he never fails to put the vermin off the scent. Have no fear, Mademoiselle, he will always slip between their paws; for he's a regular ferret, is your father, when it's a question of threading his way among those heretics, and I defy them, with all their cleverness, to lay hands on him."

"But, Marianne, to know he's out in this horrible weather, in this pitch-dark night, in this snow, this icy sleet—"

"Ah, well, Mademoiselle! the weather doesn't trouble our master much. Let it rain, blow, snow, he cares not a straw!"

"But, only think: alone, surrounded by enemies desperately intent on his ruin, exasperated to see, at every instant, one of their companions brought down by his bullets."

"Yes; but, my dear young lady, it's really doing good to destroy those savages, who everywhere assassinate women, and poor, innocent old men, who have never done them harm; and who shoot down like dogs, because they have no uniforms on their backs, those brave fellows, who, like your father, valiantly defend their country. Just as if it were necessary to have a special uniform for that! Ah! the scoundrels! They must really be without faith or law, like regular miscreants that they are, to commit such abominations."

And a flash of indignation lit up the grey eyes of the peasant-woman, who knit her brows.

The young girl resumed, shuddering all over—

"That is just what terrifies me: the implacable cruelty of these Prussians."

"But, Mademoiselle, they must first of all take him before they can do anything to him, and they have not got him yet, thank God!"

"Who knows; my father is no longer young—"

"No longer young! He would set an example to a good many not half his age. The Captain's made of iron."

"I don't say nay. But you know his adventuresome audacity which recoils at nothing."

"Ah! in that you are right, Mademoiselle. He's all a man, your father, and without his equal when it's a matter of running a risk. The greater the danger, the more quickly he's off to get into it. He can't resist the temptation. Anyone would think it attracted him."

"And that is precisely what torments me: one single imprudence on his part, an instant of forgetfulness, and it would be all up with him. From the first day when my father grasped his chasseur to run after those Prussians, this terror got the better of me, and has never left me since. When I kiss him before he leaves, it always seems to me that it's for the last time, that I shall never see him again, that the Prussians will kill him. And to-day, I know not why, my mind is sad; sad, as if at any moment I were going to receive the terrible news. This idea of death pursues me without cease and oppresses me; mournful images are evoked in my brain: I see my poor, beloved father, his breast pierced by bullets, lying on the icy snow, abandoned in the horrible cold night; and I am unable to drive away that gloomy vision which constantly haunts and troubles me so cruelly. Oh, how I hate this accursed war! And how I suffer! My God, how I suffer!"

Then, incapable of containing herself any longer, she burst into convulsive sobs.

The peasant woman had brusquely approached. Raising Marthe in her vigorous arms, she had seated herself, and with the child on her knees, pressed her to her great bosom as she had done formerly when Marthe was quite small. The old servant's rigid mask stood out hard and sombre, in contrast to the flat braids of grey hair which escaped beyond the edge of her white coif. The working woman's square and powerful figure remained erect, whilst her head slowly inclined over the young girl, and her gaze, obscured by a veil, fell upon her in tender pity. Marianne's great coarse hands caressed the child's flaxen tresses as she strove to offer consolation. In a low monotonous voice she very gently murmured sweet meaningless words, as if to lull and set at rest her suffering, as one acts to calm children in trouble.

All at once, mingling in the bellowing blast of the blizzard, which shook the house with furious shocks, making the woodwork of the roof creak and the furniture quiver, something like a plaint, a sort of feeble, indistinct groan, akin to the desperate appeal of a creature in distress, passed swiftly, very vaguely, through the air.

Marthe had risen, and compressing her throbbing heart, listened in an attitude of painful expectation. Marianne had remained seated, her clasped hands on her knees.

Without, the north wind drove along the snow, which came pattering against the window-panes, whilst beyond, the dull roar of the forest, contending with the hurricane, thundered uninterruptedly.

Suddenly, more feeble than before, the lugubrious appeal was renewed.

This time there could be no mistake; it was the supreme, agonising cry of a human being struggling against death.

"It is he!" exclaimed Marthe.

White as a sheet, she sprang forward, opened the door, and disappeared in the night, while Marianne, grasping a lantern, followed her, sheltering the primitive light-giver with a corner of her apron.

Sinking in the snow to the knees, the young girl advanced with great strides, calling at the top of her voice—

"Father! Father! Here I am! I am coming! Do you hear me? Father!"

But the heart-rending appeal, resounding sinistraly in the desolation of the night, remained without response.

Stumbling at every step, sometimes disappearing up to the waist in the crevices hidden beneath the thick coating of snow, she rose again, recovered her footing, and continued. The sleet whipped her cheeks, burnt her eyes. She did not feel it. Oscillating in the furious assaults of the wind, which cut her respiration and drove her words back into her throat, she resisted the blast, breathless, obstinately pursuing her search, casting into the tempest her despairing call.

Behind her the flame of the lantern bored a pallid hole in the sombre expanse.

Suddenly she kicked against a black, soft mass, half buried in the snow. She stooped down, extending her hand with hesitation, and felt a human form; her fingers touched something tepid and damp, which she instinctively guessed to be blood. At the contact she shuddered; for an instant her heart ceased to beat, and she was taken with horrible fright. Then she stooped lower to make a closer inspection. At that moment a ray of light from the lantern fell upon the visage of the being at her feet. She recognised her father, uttered a loud cry, and falling on her knees, covered his pale, insensible face with kisses.

Then she cautiously raised the livid, icy head, retaining it on her knees, warming it with her breath, and murmuring in a broken voice—

"Father! It is I! It is your daughter! Your daughter Marthe, your beloved child! Oh, father, answer me!"

But the words stayed in her throat, her sobs stifled her, as with her delicate hands, blue with cold, she swept away the snow covering her father's clothes.

She had enlaced the wounded man in her arms,

pressing him to her own body to guarantee him against the biting north wind.

Marianne approached the lantern, which revealed the weather-beaten face to be of violet and earthy pallidness. A little above the knee, on the coarse iron-grey cloth of the trousers, a patch of blood had expanded sideways and coagulated, tracing a circular mark which stood out in dark crimson against the sepulchral whiteness of the snow. She applied her hand to the Captain's heart, and a thrill quivered on her old wrinkled face.

Marthe, motionless, holding her breath, waited in poignant anxiety.

After a few seconds the features of the old woman relaxed, and without raising her eyes, she muttered in a low tone—

"The heart beats."

An exclamation of joy escaped the young girl's lips.

"He lives, God be praised!"

The sense of relief was almost overwhelming. Her father was not dead; they would save him, and she kissed the marble forehead in fervent pity. The wounded man seemed vaguely conscious of her embrace; his lips moved as if he wished to speak, but no sound issued from betwixt the set teeth, and he relapsed into frightful rigidity.

Then the two women prepared to transport him home. If the distance were short, the task was a hard one for them to accomplish with such a load; but both were valiant, and the hope of bringing the Captain back to life doubled their strength.

Marthe had picked up the chasseur which had almost disappeared in the snow, and had slung it across her shoulder. Supple and strong, notwithstanding the delicate appearance of her slim and elegant form, she, moreover, possessed a full measure of energy. With extreme solicitude she raised and retained her father in her arms, his head reposing on her breast. Marianne, still robust in spite of her fifty years, suspended the lantern at her waist, seized each of the legs in the middle of the thigh in her strong fists, careful not to knock the wound with her own body or against an obstacle, and, guided by the flickering flame, they commenced their work.

Staggering under the weight, often stopping to take breath, they advanced with difficulty, step by step, lest they should stumble or slip, and carefully feeling their way, so as to avoid giving the wounded man a jolt. It took them nigh an hour to complete the hundred yards separating them from the house. When they passed the threshold they were exhausted.

The Captain was stretched on a low sofa before the fire; heated flannel being applied to his chest gave a little elasticity and warmth to his frozen limbs, and circulation became slowly restored. Marthe had just made him swallow a little kirsch; Marianne, an expert in such matters, was bathing and dressing the wound, when he began to show signs of life, and joy entered the hearts of the two women. Soon he opened his eyes, and mumbled a few words. Then his gaze met that of his daughter, on her knees before him, pressing his hand to her lips, watching his return to existence. He also perceived Marianne bending over him, completing the bandage on his leg, and a feeble smile lit up his physiognomy. A little afterwards strength returned, and he could speak without too great difficulty. Then he related what had happened to him.

Recently, as they were aware, he had been running more furiously than ever after the Prussians, in consequence of the affair at Combes, where they had shot in cold blood three poor, inoffensive old men. At no time had he loved these square-heads, but since this act of horrible cruelty, he had felt such hatred for them that he had sworn they should pay dearly for the butchery.

Throwing off all restraint, relaxing his habits of prudence, more anxious to avenge the wretches shot down at Combes than careful of his own security, he had risked more than he should have done, so great was his exasperation.

That same day he had been watching one of their convoys escorted by Uhlans. He had followed them a long way under cover of the wood, seeking an opportunity to put a couple of bullets into them.

About noon he had outstripped them, cutting off corners by cross-paths, and had gained the Mill of St. Rémy, which stands a hundred yards from the highway they were following, and before which they were forced to pass. Placing himself in ambush behind the wall of the kitchen-garden, he had there awaited them, and had killed a corporal and three men of the escort; then, while the detachment, thinking the buildings seriously occupied, lost its time firing against the bare walls, he had retraced his steps, slipping along unperceived in the shelter of the frozen river-banks, so as to regain his home by the Chaumour Woods on the other side of the road, pleased at not having lost his day.

He was already far from the escort, and had just crossed the highway, sunk deep in a cutting which at that point formed a sharp bend. As he ascended the opposite slope, four Uhlans forming the rear-guard came unexpectedly upon him and chased him across country. Happily, having the start, he reached the fringe of the wood before they could overtake him. But one of the horsemen, who was close on his heels, pulled the trigger of his revolver, and lodged a bullet in the fleshy part of the Captain's thigh. In spite of that

misadventure, he had continued his race for life, hiding behind the trunks of trees, in the undergrowth, taking advantage of the irregularity of the ground, always putting more distance between himself and his pursuers, who, inconvenienced by the trees, the entanglement of the brush-wood, the gullies, the obstacles of all sorts, had ended by renouncing to adventure farther in his pursuit.

Then he had made a temporary bandage with his pocket-handkerchief, and resumed his march. But, weakened by loss of blood, he was barely able, with the assistance of his chasseur as a crutch, to drag himself on a short distance; and at the close of day had sunk down exhausted three hundred metres from the village. At the cost of a superhuman effort, dragging himself over the snow on his belly, he had succeeded in doing another hundred yards or so. In fact he had gone on thus up to the time when his wound caused him intolerable suffering; at the least movement he made; then, all his strength, paralysed by cold, having quite left him, he had sunk down extenuated, unable to exert himself any more.

It was at this moment that he shouted for help a first time; then he made a second appeal. After that everything about him went whirling round and round, and he fainted.

At one moment, in the belief that he had not been heard, he had thought of discharging his revolver, but he feared to attract the attention of the Prussians, whom he knew to be still in the vicinity. Had he tried to pull the trigger, he would certainly never have succeeded in doing so, so numbed were his fingers by the cold.

But now it was fortunately all over. His wound was insignificant. He had gone through much worse in Africa, during the Kabyle campaign. It was a matter of a few days' rest; after that he would be as much himself again as before. All the same he had had a narrow escape, but that beastly bullet would cost the dirty dogs dear.

Then he drew his daughter to him; and she, quite reassured, smiled through her tears, clasping in an energetic pressure the ruddy hand of Marianne, who gazed at them both in mute tenderness.

Observing the table laid, the Captain insisted on his daughter taking her seat, adding guiltily that, feeling an appetite, he would keep her company, and that now or never was the time to drink her health. Marthe, to please him—for after all this terrible trial she was not in the least hungry—sat down at the board.

She had already unfolded her napkin when a violent knock came at the door. Before they could answer, the handle was turned, and a young fellow of about twenty summers pushed it open and came half-way across the threshold. He was out of breath, and seemed very excited.

Marianne went to him, and exclaimed roughly—

"Well, Petit-Jean, what are you doing here? This is a pretty time of day to come to a person's house."

On a sign from the Captain, who saw that the young man, intimidated by this brusque reception, did not dare advance, she resumed more gently—

"Never mind. Come in, as you are here, and tell us what brings you," then closing the door, she shot the bolt.

The young peasant took a few steps forward, his eyes sparkling with extraordinary animation; he could hardly pronounce his words, so much was he out of breath, and it was in a broken voice that he addressed the Captain—

"I beg your pardon! Excuse me if I disturb you, M. Baudoin, but the Prussians are coming, and I ran to tell you."

"The Prussians?" inquired the wounded man.

"Yes, M. Baudoin; a detachment of dragoons with infantry, and it will not be long before they are here."

"How do you know that?"

"I've just seen them."

"Where?"

"At La Laugierie farm, where I'm from."

The Captain's face clouded. The young fellow continued—

"I have been sleeping in the cow-house since one night when they stole a yoke of oxen and some lambs. Towards one o'clock I was returning from making my round as usual, and was going to lie down again, when all at once my grey bitch began to snarl and bark. I made her quiet, but as I know she never gives tongue without reason, I went out with my fork in case it might be a wolf sneaking near the cattle, or, perhaps, one of those vagabonds beating about the country up to some villainy. I slid along the walls, hiding myself as much as possible, when at twenty paces from the highway I heard a sound of arms, a tramping of men on the march, of horses snorting, and I at once recognised that it was the Prussians. Then I lay flat down in the snow, and as soon as the last had passed, I ran as fast as ever I could, cutting off by the Aisy quarries, so as to arrive here before them and warn you, in order that you might have time to escape. For they want to do you to death, M. Baudoin, and they would kill you without pity, if they got hold of you, the brutes!"

Then he noticed the Captain's weakness, the bandage round his leg, and with sadness in his voice added—

"But I see you are wounded, and that it will not be easy for you to leave. If I can be of any use to you, I'm at your service, and heartily, M. Baudoin. For if they fear you, and hate you like poison, the square-heads, we all love you, you and yours, and would not like any misfortune to overtake you."

The wounded man clasped the young peasant's hand and said—

"Thank you, Petit-Jean."

The two women, overcome, had listened without uttering a word.

The Captain resumed—

"How long, think you, will it take them to get here?"

"Assuredly less than a quarter of an hour, M. Baudoin."

An expression of terror passed in Marthe's eyes. The pupils became dilated, giving a gloomy sparkle to her look.

The Captain reflected a few seconds; his physiognomy became grave, and rising with effort, he said—

"There is not a moment to lose, my children. You must take me up to the loft. You three together will manage to do the job. There you will make me an empty corner between the wall and hay. Leave a layer on the floor, whereon to lay me, and close the hiding-place with a truss or two which you will build up at the opening. I shall be all right there, and the devil take me, if ever they ferret me out. Come! let's hurry. The moments are numbered."

Then in profound silence and in the obscurity, so as not to arouse attention, the young countryman, with the aid of the two women, carried the Captain up into the loft, above the stable, adjoining the house. Placing his chassepot and revolver within his reach, they left him some provisions, and locked him in.

Immediately this had been done, Petit-Jean went back to La Laugierie, while Marthe and Marianne, a prey to inexpressible fear, returned to the dining-room.

There, without a light, standing behind the window-panes, holding the curtains back, they listened in the dark, endeavouring to penetrate the heavy veil of gloom outside.

Dying gleams shot fitfully from the ashes on the hearth, where an elm log was just burning out, and shedding ruddy reflex which fluttered on the chamber walls. At each brighter flash the furniture was lit up in a strange manner, taking fantastic forms simulating life, and projecting great moving and undecided shadows, queerly contoured.

Without, the gale roared in an incessant rumble, whistling sharply as it swept the walls, twisting in its mighty breath the trees of the forest, which struck against each other, their branches at times breaking with dry, cracking sounds.

A clanking of sabres, a smothered tramp of iron-shod hoofs, arose very feebly amid the tumult of the hurricane. The women withdrew, shuddering, from the window. Then the clatter diminished and little by little died away. The horsemen were going farther on.

Already a hope was born in them, when their ears caught the heavy, cadenced roll, attenuated by distance and the thick layer of snow they were trampling under foot, of infantry on the march.

A command was given which resounded sharp in the lamentation of the wind. The detachment halted.

Then they heard hoarse voices calling out, a sound of doors being beaten with great blows from the pomells of sabres and rifle-stocks; win lows became lit up one by one; hinges grated; there were altercations, accompanied by

harsh oaths. The Prussians were taking up their quarters in the habitations of the village.

Then a violent knock shook the door, making the planks quiver. The two women, livid with fright, hesitated a second. The people outside knocked again more brutally. Marthe ran to draw the bolts, and opened while Marianne lit a lantern and, holding it in her hand, approached the entrance. A dragoon, advancing, held the door back, and brought his hand to the rim of his helmet as a young Lieutenant stepped across the threshold. At the sight of the two women he uncovered, excused himself with very great politeness, and in

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Bishop Welldon has learned the Bengali language in six months, and learned it so thoroughly that he has taken a full confirmation service and given an address to the assembled candidates in their own Bengali vernacular. This is said to be a record achievement. Bishop Welldon has studied under Mr. Munro, C.B., ex-Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police in London, who is now a voluntary missionary in Bengal. It is said that of the eight predecessors of the present Bishop of Calcutta, only one, Bishop Milman, attained any degree of proficiency in any Indian language. Bishop Milman was the author of one of the most popular English books of devotion on the Love of the Atonement. It is well known that many Indian missionaries whose names are household words practically knew nothing of any Indian language.

Father Dolling, who is working hard in Poplar, is doubtful as to the religious effect of lantern services. He thinks that Tissot's pictures might awaken the religious instinct, but that those in common use do the very reverse. Once he heard a thousand children roaring with laughter over Adam and Eve upside down on the sheet. The nervous exhibitor, trying to put it right, showed it a second time in the same position, and a wag in the corner started, "There was Brown upside down." As a matter of fact, people have got used to lantern services, and as the novelty has passed, the attraction has largely passed too.

The proposal made at the Worcester Diocesan Conference to check the marriage of the clergy has now been published more fully. It is suggested that the Bishop of the diocese should have power to prohibit marriages, and that he should not refuse where an adequate benefice exists, or where private means are available and are properly secured by settlement. It was pointed out by the *Speaker* that the arrangements of the Wesleyan Methodists for the comfort of ministers were far more adequate than those in the Church of England. When a Methodist minister gets past work, he is superannuated and guaranteed against want for the rest of his life. One clergyman said that in his first curacy he received 18s. 6d. a week, and lived on fat bacon and marmalade. Now he had charge of a church

of having absolutely no endowment and no stipend.

After all, the tickets at the London Church Congress are to be made transferable. The rush has been enormous, and now all the members' tickets are sold. The system of transfer will undoubtedly help to secure large audiences.

The object of the Church Congress, which was inaugurated at Cambridge in 1861, is "to bring together members of the Church of England and of Churches in Communion with her, for free deliberation, and for the exchange of opinions and experiences, on subjects which affect the practical efficiency of the Church and the means of protection and extension, and generally for the encouragement of a deeper interest in these and kindred subjects amongst the Clergy and Laity in different parts of the country."

V.



One of the horsemen lodged a bullet in the Captain's thigh.

"STERN DUTY."—BY G. MONTBARD.

extremely pure French, for this forced intrusion and for the inconvenience he occasioned them—quite involuntarily, he it said, and only because he was strictly reduced to do so by circumstances. Observing their consternation, he smiled in his brown moustache, and did his utmost to reassure them. They had nothing to fear; no harm would be done them; they might drive away all anxiety on that score, and regain their apartments. As for him, if Mademoiselle would kindly allow him, he would remain in that room and take his rest on the sofa.

On a sign of acquiescence from the young girl, the Lieutenant renewed his protestations of the lively regret he felt at thus imposing himself on her hospitality; but war had its exigencies, the rigour of which he was the first to deplore. Then he bowed. Marthe faltered a few words of politeness, and, followed by Marianne, gained her room on the first floor.

(To be continued.)

THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS—TROOPS FOR THE CAPE.



Photo. Knight, Aldershot.

COMPANY OF MOUNTED INFANTRY UNDER COLONEL ALDERSON AND CAPTAIN MCMICKING AT ALDERSHOT.



Photo. Knight, Aldershot.

MAJOR-GENERAL MARSHALL INSPECTING THE ROYAL ARTILLERY AMMUNITION COLUMN AT ALDERSHOT BEFORE ITS DEPARTURE.



Photo. supplied by Lt. Abdy.

THE 53RD FIELD BATTERY, COMMANDED BY MAJOR A. J. ABDY, DRAFTED FROM BOMBAY TO DURBAN.



THE RIFLE BRIGADE (THE PRINCE CONSORT'S OWN).

T H E T R A N S V A A L C R I S I S



Photo. Knight, Aberdeen.

NURSES FOR THE CAPE ON BOARD THE "BRAEMAR CASTLE."



Photo. "Warner and Co., Barnsbury, N."

NEW SOUTH WALES LANCERS, WHO LEFT LONDON ON OCT. 10 FOR SERVICE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS.



Photo. J. T. Cumming, Aldershot.

HORSES FOR SERVICE AT THE CAPE: AN INSPECTION AT ALDERSHOT.



From a Photo. by J. T. Cumming.

METHOD OF PROVIDING WATER FOR HORSES IN THE FIELD.



S. BEGG.

BREAD FOR THE SOLDIER ON SERVICE: VIEW OF A FIELD BAKERY.

T H E T R A N S V A A L C R I S I S .



From a Photo. by C. B. Scott

COLONEL PLUMER'S CAMP OF BRITISH SOUTH AFRICAN POLICE AT BELAWAYO. TO BE EMPLOYED IN MILITARY SERVICE.



Photo. Gregory.

THE "BRAEMAR CASTLE" LEAVING SOUTHAMPTON WITH TROOPS FOR THE CAPE.



THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS.—COLONEL PLUMER'S CORPS OF BRITISH SOUTH AFRICAN POLICE AT BULAWAYO: GETTING READY FOR AN EMERGENCY.

From a Photograph supplied by C. B. Strutt.

THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: SCENES AT THE FRONT.



LAING'S NEK.

Photograph supplied by Lieutenant G. H. Brush, Ladysmith.



MR. F. W. REITZ, TRANSVAAL STATE SECRETARY.

Kindly lent by the Proprietor of "South Africa."



CAMP HEADQUARTERS, LADYSMITH.

Photograph supplied by Lieutenant G. H. Brush, Ladysmith.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF JOHANNESBURG.



MISS JULIA NEILSON AS CONSTANCE IN "KING JOHN" AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
Photographs by R. Johnson, Chelsea.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The Queen, though far from her Metropolis, has been in close touch with the mainsprings of Government during all the busy period of preparations for possible war. Besides the constant despatches, and the reports of the Minister in attendance, the Queen has had a long consultation with General Sir Redvers Buller, who went to Balmoral to bid her Majesty farewell. An attempt made to use the name of the Queen controversially in the discussions bred by the prospect of war has duly died of inanition. Her Majesty, though desirous of peace, places full confidence in the Government, and believes that only under stern necessity will the country be involved in war.

The Prince of Wales, after a week's deer-stalking near Ballater, has had a spell of racing at Newmarket. A family party, which is to include the Duke and Duchess of York and their children, will shortly assemble at Sandringham; and the Prince has a rather long list of visits to be paid, beginning with a stay of four days at Iwerne Minster with Lord and Lady Wolverton.

The Earl of Meath, whose good works are not confined to the London that owes him so many of her open spaces and other improvements,



Photo, Banks.

THE JOHN RYLANDS INSTITUTE AT MANCHESTER, OPENED ON OCT. 6.

Mr. H. W. Lockwood, is fitted in the best modern style. Choice pictures, including a beautiful selection of proof engravings from the works of Mr. Ruskin, generously presented by his publisher, Mr. George Allen, adorn the walls. The Rev. Folliott G. Sandford (Chairman of the Board) presided at the opening service.

Lord Reay, who is now in Antwerp, well earned his holiday by the long and elaborate address he delivered at the opening of the new session of the London School Board. In the midst of more theoretical premisses and conclusions, Lord Reay advanced the proposition that every item of expenditure was closely watched, and that therefore no loophole was left open for extravagance. Ratepayers had further consolation given them in the assurance that the quality of education given in schools under the London Board compared favourably with that in schools where high fees were charged.

On Friday, Oct. 6, Manchester added to her great public institutions the magnificent library built by Mrs. Rylands in memory of her late husband, one of the leading merchants of the city. Since 1888, the year in which Mr. Rylands died, the work of forming the library has gone forward, and now 70,000 volumes, including the famous Althorp Collection, are at the disposal of the reading public of Manchester.



NEW BOARD SCHOOL FOR PUPIL TEACHERS' CENTRE AT SHEFFIELD.

St. Deiniol's. On Thursday, Oct. 5, the Duke of Westminster laid the first stone at Hawarden of what promises to be an edifice worthy of the unique collection of books which it is to contain. We are able to supply a sketch of the exterior of the building, which should certainly add to the architectural beauties of Hawarden. It has been designed by Messrs. Douglas and Minshull, architects, Chester. The building within will be divided into two parts—the larger room to be called the "Humanity Room," and to contain general literature; and the smaller, to be exclusively devoted to works on theology, to be called the "Divinity Room." This was the division made by Mr. Gladstone himself when he arranged his books in the present temporary iron structure hard by. At present the library consists of over 30,000 volumes, and there are more to come from the "Temple of Peace" at Hawarden Castle.

The new Pupil Teachers' College, erected by the Sheffield School Board for Voluntary as well as Board teachers, was formally opened on Oct. 9 by the Duke of Devonshire, Lord President of the Council. The building, which is situated in the centre of the city, and was designed by



Photo, A. Manger.

MEMORIAL OF THE SURF-BOAT DISASTER AT MARGATE.

has been in Dublin to preside over a National Temperance Conference that happily brought into touch for once all sections of public opinion. The Protestant Archbishop of Dublin and Mr. T. M. Healy, M.P., agreed together in approving the unanimous recommendations of the recent Commission, and in adopting them as a basis of common action in the vastly important interests of Temperance Reform.

The movement for raising a national memorial to Mr. Gladstone, begun more than twelve months ago, is at last beginning to have some definite result. Over £30,000 has been collected, and of this the Duke of Westminster's Committee has allocated the substantial sum of £10,000 towards providing a suitable building for Mr. Gladstone's library at



ST DEINIOL'S LIBRARY, HAWARDEN, AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

The splendid building erected for their reception was inaugurated with an address from Principal Fairbairn, of Mansfield College, Oxford. Mrs. Rylands was afterwards presented with the freedom of the city.

The statue, in bronze, erected on the Marine Terrace at Margate in memory of the heroes who lost their lives nearly two years ago by the surf-boat disaster was unveiled last week by Mrs. Friend, wife of the High Sheriff of Kent. We give an illustration of the statue, which was executed by Mr. Frederick Calcott and cast by Messrs. Elkington and Co. Apropos of Margate, the summer season there was one of the most prosperous for many years past, grace in a measure to the excellent service of the Palace steamers.

Materials of precise information upon many details of the actual situation of the Uitlanders in the Rand gold-mines district of the Transvaal will be found more fully and accurately stated in Mr. J. P. Fitzpatrick's carefully written book, "The Transvaal from Within," published by Mr. Heinemann, than in most of the declamatory pamphlets evoked by the present crisis, or in the vague rumours and gossip reported by hasty tourists who have visited South Africa.

In the very nick of time Mr. Fitzpatrick gives minute accounts of the bad effects of different laws passed by the Volksraad at Pretoria, and of injurious acts and practices of President Kruger's Executive or its officials, such as the concessions to Dutch and German companies for the Netherlands Railway, with the exorbitant freights, the excessive Customs tariff on needful imports, the dynamite monopoly, the restrictions on the introduction of Kaffir labour, and various arbitrary regulations evidently adverse to the Johannesburg mining interest. It cannot be denied or doubted that the amendment of those errors and abuses by a more enlightened government of the South African Republic as a whole, or by the entire political separation of the Rand district from the dominion of that Republic, ensuring to its inhabitants Home Rule under a British Protectorate, with fair pecuniary compensation to the Transvaal State for loss of territory and revenue, would greatly augment the prosperity of the gold-fields during the future period, estimated at between thirty and forty years, of their profitable working. A lease of the Rand territory for that period on a tenure

of vocalists do justice to the composer's unambitious intentions. But mainly it is the unforced drollery of Mr. Frank Wheeler in the title-rôle which makes "The Prince of Borneo," in a modest way, a brisk and fairly diverting entertainment.

In their first attempt at collaboration, "Man and His Makers," Mr. Louis Parker and Mr. Wilson Barrett have sought at the Lyceum to contest pseudo-scientific notions of heredity, and to show that man may conquer fate and ancestral taint. It is an ambitious and promising idea, but the Lyceum playwrights have failed to make an interesting and strong play out of their theme. Spurious rhetoric and a whirl of words rob their piece of all emotional sincerity and dramatic fibre. They have not even got up their case. The prejudiced Q.C., who will not allow his daughter to marry the son of a long line of drunkards, has never digested his scientific treatises. Further, it is not till the close of the second act, when the heroine tries to recall her poetic and ether-sodden lover to reason, that any thrilling situation is reached. But then the drama falls to pieces. The poor hero, still further demoralised, finds himself in St. James's Park amid starving wastrels and outcasts, and there in a flagrantly melodramatic scene is tended by a penitent courtesan till his sweetheart arrives in evening frock to rescue him. It is ten years later when the curtain rises again on a scene of idyllic happiness, the lovers married (despite heredity) and blessed with healthy children, the hero a philanthropic helper of atavists, and the children grouped round their father to form an improving domestic picture. 'Tis a pretty way of shirking the problem. Hampered by an abundance of



BERBERA, ON THE SOMALI COAST.

From a sketch by Mr. J. O. Edwards, late R.N.

more or less resembling that by which Cyprus is held by the British Government might be purchased, one would think, on equitable terms, at half the cost of the expected war provoked by President Kruger's fatuous obstinacy. Meantime let us receive the main portion of Mr. Fitzpatrick's statements of particular facts, testified by his former experience as secretary to the Johannesburg Reform Committee, with some reliance upon their truthfulness. The Boer Government's corruption, and studied endeavours to evade the obligations solemnly undertaken under the Conventions with the Suzerain Power, amply justify the reoccupation of the Transvaal by Her Majesty's troops.

We give, from a sketch by Mr. J. O. Edwards, a view of Berbera, the commercial outlet on the Somali coast, under British influence, but now threatened by the "Mad Mullah," and destined, in consequence, to be speedily occupied by our troops. The town, which is the capital of Somali-land, offers a safe harbour to vessels trading in the Gulf of Aden. Berbera has an annual fair, which attracts over ten thousand natives to its booths; and this year the Queen's uniform is likely to be seen during the course of the festivities.

Hardly very exhilarating, but moderately pleasing, is the new operatic farce at the Strand, styled "The Prince of Borneo." Moderate, indeed, is an epithet which aptly describes plot and humour, scenery and dancing, score and interpretation of perhaps the least original of all recent musical plays. An adventurous lover imposing on his sweetheart's family as an eagerly expected guest, a negro servant masquerading as a native prince—these oft-exploited puppets furnish all the story and the fun of Mr. Herbert's threadbare libretto. The action is laid in Naples, and the customary view of the Bay and the inevitable Carnival suggest tolerably adequate stage-pictures and give scope for some respectable dancing. As for Mr. Edward Jones's music, it is bright and tuneful—the average sentimental melodies and dance refrains; and an agreeable quartet

emotional rant, Mr. Wilson Barrett could make little of the leading rôle, and the efforts of sound artists like Mr. J. H. Barnes and Miss Maud Jeffries were practically thrown away. The best acting, indeed, came from that intelligent and subtle actress of temperament, Miss Lena Ashwell; but even she found it difficult to inspire any vitality into so false, so pretentious, so invertebrate a drama as "Man and His Makers."

The Holland Fine Art Gallery (235, Regent Street) is the latest applicant for recognition by lovers of Dutch painting, and the small collection with which it inaugurates its appearance in this country is well chosen. The names of most, if not of all, the selected artists are well known on this side of the North Sea, and the specimens of their work have been carefully selected. Mr. Breitner's "Japanese Girl," in a red dress figured with black and white flowers, is a fine study of colour, and at the same time it is thoroughly reposeful. Mr. Weissenbruch is well represented by both landscape and canal-side scenes; but neither of the brothers Maris is to be seen at his best, although the works of each here exhibited will do nothing to damage their reputation; Israëls, Mauve, W. B. Tholen, Bosboom, Mesdag, and others, by very pleasing if not by epoch-making pictures; and a joint work of Bosboom and Behr, representing the courtyard of a block of almshouses outside Amsterdam, is singularly attractive. As features of the show, the managers have contrived to obtain an early oil painting and recent water-colour by Sir L. Alma-Tadema—the latter a single Roman figure on a marble bench, entitled "Dolce far niente," and the former a work which dates back to 1862, when the artist still believed in romanticism, and was applying the methods of Baron Leys to the tone of Sir Walter Scott. In "The Ambuscade" there is no lack of life and movement, but it is not altogether a graceful composition—heavy in tone and forced in treatment. What Sir L. Alma-Tadema might have achieved had he pursued the lines of his Antwerp training it is not possible to unravel now; but it is pretty clear that he has measured his own capabilities with excellent judgment.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS IN LONDON. LAMBETH AND FULHAM PALACES.

The meeting of the Church Congress for the first time in London will bring many sightseers to the Palaces of Lambeth and Fulham. Few people, even the most inveterate sightseers, have the faintest idea of the real beauties which lie behind the high dull red wall which surrounds the Palace where the head of the Established



THE RIGHT REV. MANDELL CREIGHTON,
Bishop of London, President of the Church Congress.

English Church lives on the Surrey side of the Thames. Within the dark doors of the Palace is the hall, out of which immediately rises the great staircase leading to the corridor, and so to the private rooms of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. Pictures of former inhabitants, prelates of the highest degree in the land, tapestries, trophies of arms, and bits of statuary may be seen in this hall by those of sharp

sight; and — more up-to-dateness — golf-sticks, lofters, clocks, niblicks, putting-irons, and wooden clubs and drivers by the side of the old brown wooden chairs bearing the Archbishop's escutcheon in the middle of their backs.

But it is not here that antiquarian interest lies so much as in the Guard-Room, the Library, the Water Tower, the Lollards' Tower, and the Chapel. The great Guard-Room has survived its original use in these piping times of peace, when Archbishops have no need of a retinue of armed men to protect them; and is now used by the family as a harmless but most necessary dining-room. All that remains of the room as it was is the roof, which is fifteenth century. Five Early English windows admit the light and air in the place of the one great

bay-window which used to be there—a change made by Archbishop Howley, the first of the Victorian Primates, who made great changes in the room, rebuilding the old walls, putting in a modern fireplace instead of the old mantel which he found, and raising the floor three feet, thus making the room so much lower. Here the most famous portrait is undoubtedly that of Archbishop Laud, by Vandyck, round which a curious legend clusters. One day in the October of 1640 he went into the room and found his portrait fallen from the wall and lying face downwards on the floor. "I hope it be not an omen," said his Grace. It was an omen, however; for the next month saw him in the Tower. Here, also, is the portrait of Archbishop Warham, the last of the Reformation Archbishops, which Archbishop Benson used to say was painted by Holbein when he was only seventeen. Here, too, is Romney's Archbishop More, and Sir Thomas Lawrence's Archbishop Manners Sutton, the fifth and last of George the Third's Archbishops, whose record in this respect, too, has been broken by her Majesty, for Dr. Temple is the sixth Archbishop of the Queen's reign.

Beneath the Guard-Room are now servants' offices, and, a little way beyond, the great library, or Juxon's Hall, so called because that prelate, who attended Charles I. in his last moments, rebuilt the room on the site of the Great Hall, which had been pulled down by Cromwell's Secretary of State and its materials sold. Upstairs is the Room, as it is variously called. statement seems hardly credible



LAMBETH PALACE. THE CHAPEL VESTIBULE.

Water Tower, or Post-From it, although the when one looks out on

the Thames flowing scores of yards away, the Archbishop used to take a barge when going by boat to Parliament or elsewhere, and there his guests disembarked when they



LAMBETH PALACE: THE GUARD-ROOM.

Photographs by B&Ns.

came by water to call upon him. Next to the Water Tower is the Lollards' Tower, the oldest bit of old Lambeth House, which dates from the end of the twelfth century, and is the only remaining prison in the domain, full of reminiscences of those who have been immured therein, for are there not in the wall eight iron rings to which prisoners were tied?

Cold is the chapel, though beautiful—as cold as the services which now take place within its sacred walls. Beautiful are its stained-glass windows; alternately black and white are the marble flags of its floor, beneath one of which lie the remains of Archbishop Parker, who, originally buried in a sarcophagus on the right of the altar-table, was ignominiously disturbed in his last rest by the soldiers of the Commonwealth. The screen is still the same as it was in the days of Laud; and the front parts of the stalls, now used by the servants, who gather there at morning and evening prayers, were put up by Juxon, who also erected the minstrel gallery or organ loft, which looks like a little pulpit at the west end of the edifice. Nor must one forget the picture gallery, with its array of curious pictures of Archbishops dead and gone—Archbishops represented in the manner as they lived, even in one instance in the manner that they died: a strange, ghastly picture, almost as full of suggestion as the venerable pile itself in which it is enshrined, and about which volumes have been, and probably will yet be, written.

Turning now to Fulham, it is a palace because it is called a palace; but in reality it fulfils no idea of the building which the ordinary mortal associates with the high-sounding name. Here, however, from time immemorial the Bishops of London have dwelt—certainly ever since there were Bishops of London to need a palace to dwell in. Two things stand out prominently in interest—the quadrangle and the gardens.

It is a large estate, comprising seven-and-thirty acres, and the mind goes travelling backwards through the centuries as one comes within sight of the park almost on the very bank of the Thames; for there, surrounding the estate, is the old moat full of water, exactly the same as it was hundreds and hundreds of years ago, as it was about the year 600 in fact. There are no drawbridges now, but he who enters the Palace must still cross one of two bridges which give access to the grounds.

The garden in all its beauty is a living example of that doctrine of the Church that everything happens for the best. It is, with curious irony, a monument to the supposed wrongdoing of that Bishop of London who ruled the diocese in the days when Sir Christopher Wren was

building his masterpiece at the top of Ludgate Hill. What his offence was it boots not to inquire here, but his Gracious Majesty was pleased to order the old prelate to confine himself within his moat while the affairs of his

cork-tree, which is acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful in the kingdom.

Next to the garden in interest comes the Quadrangle, at the end of the drive, some quarter of a mile in length. Surrounded on three of its four sides by low, low buildings built of red and black bricks, with quaint square windows opening into quaint old rooms, and with vines and plants of various sorts creeping up the walls, all green in summer, and when autumn falls changing to gold and brown and wonderful purple and scarlet, it is a beautiful picture, as one looks at it from the door leading into the Palace, which forms the fourth side of the Quadrangle. It is heightened by the indispensable touch of water in the fountain in the middle of the court and enlivened by the presence of the flock of ever-feeding pigeons, whose beating wings ever and anon make a whirling sound for the ears of those who loiter, watching the great clock above the turret, its hands creeping slowly over its weather-beaten face. Within, the chief interest centres in the Great Hall, with its portraits and beautiful oak floor, the room, 50 ft. by 27 ft., which was fitted up by Bishop Fletcher in 1595, and beautified by Bishop Sherlock later on. Originally, however, it was erected by Bishop FitzJames in the reign of Henry VII.

Through a low, wainscotted passage opening out of the hall the visitor reaches the chapel, which is singularly lacking in beauty and is conspicuously plain. There is nothing approaching ornamentation in the altar-table, which is covered with a green cloth and is flanked on each side by red curtains, which serve to hide a portion of the bare walls. Here the whole household meets morning and evening for prayers, the services being conducted by the Bishop's chaplain, the Bishop himself taking part in them.

The rest of the house is practically entirely occupied by the family, and the living-rooms on the ground floor are by no means numerous. Perhaps, historically, the most interesting of them is that which contains Bishop Porteus's library. It is lined on all sides by book-shelves, but its books are of no particular interest, and there are no manuscripts. On the walls, which are painted a grey-green, are several pictures, and over the mantelpiece is a portrait of the maker of the library himself. The ceiling of this room is beautifully vaulted, and, indeed, all the ceilings in the Palace are fine, even that in the kitchen being ornamented in a rather elaborate manner. Egress can be obtained from the library to the next room through a door in one of the book-cases, exactly like many of the doors at the British Museum.



FULHAM PALACE: A CORNER OF THE HALL.

diocese were administered by two other Bishops. Bereft of other employment, good Bishop Compton set himself to find consolation in planting trees. So well did he employ his time that in due course the grounds of Fulham Palace became the finest botanical garden in the country, and attracted visitors from far and near to view its many beauties. To-day, it has conspicuous in its midst a



LAMBETH PALACE: THE CHAPEL LOOKING WEST.



FULHAM PALACE CHAPEL: THE ALTAR.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON AND THE
CHURCH CONGRESS.

It is by virtue of his position as Bishop of the Diocese in which the Church Congress meets this year that the Right Hon. and Right Rev. Dr. Mandell Creighton occupies the presidential chair of the Congress, which was inaugurated at Cambridge in 1861.

Born fifty-six years ago, the Bishop of London has achieved a position as distinguished in the world of letters as in the Church itself. It is, indeed, as a historian rather than as a Churchman that he made his first great mark; and now that he has, for a time at least, put aside his pen, the Church has gained what history has lost.

Nor less apt than a historian has he proved himself as a man of affairs. His capacity was increased, as his education in this respect was improved, by the two old statesmen with whom he was associated in the North when he was Vicar of Embsay. His conduct of the affairs of Peterborough put paved the way for the larger administration of the diocese which has come to be regarded by Churchmen as the nearest stepping-stone to the see of Canterbury.

Were one to seek an adjective to describe Dr. Creighton to-day, it would probably be something stronger than the "clever" which was once applied to him; for there is something more than cleverness behind the kindly, shrewd, humorous eyes, if something less than genius behind the long grizzled grey beard. Clever, indeed, the Bishop has always been recognised—as lecturer, as tutor, as student; yes, even as a boy at the Durham Grammar School, where he was educated. Clever, and something more than clever, he proved himself when he started out—and with him, to start out is to accomplish—to reform the whole method of teaching history by clothing the dry bones with flesh and blood, imbuing into them the spirit of the time till the dead-and-gone makers of history lived and moved and had their being like the playwright's puppets before the very eyes of his audience.

For a vitaliser of the present and a revitaliser of the past, two gifts are necessary, whatever else may accompany them—the gift of eloquence and the gift of humour. In both is Dr. Creighton highly dowered. He has proved again and again that under the influence of strong emotion he can rise to flights of oratory which electrify the hearer, as again and again he has given proof of the possession of a sense of humour not the less great because occasionally sardonic and even caustic. Everybody can quote or tell some story exemplifying this latter trait, showing humour now playful, now severe. It assuredly is suggested, although perhaps unconsciously, in his Lordship's attitude towards the great temperance question. At all times he is to be found as an advocate of its advantages, yet in his own person he is no bigot in the use of wine.

To his other qualities he adds that of being something of an idealist, a side of his character he showed not long ago when presenting the prizes at one of the great public schools. He startled a utilitarian age, accustomed to calculating the means to the end with great accuracy, by declaring that gaining technical education with the object of becoming better workmen, and in that way getting a better wage, was not the thing which ought to weigh with men in increasing the sum of their knowledge. Knowledge was to be pursued because it helps happiness, and happiness was the knowledge that we are getting out of our lives all that was in them. Yet this idealist recognises that the school in which men must learn the lessons of life is the school of life itself.

For himself, as he has said, he would rather see the Church disestablished than disestablished; while he is sufficiently open-eyed and open-minded to observe and declare that the question of a National Church must always be an open one, depending on the consideration of the advantages and disadvantages. Nor is he less open-minded in dealing with other questions; for on another occasion he stated openly that an absolute obedience to rubrics would not only bring about results nobody wanted, but also require a great deal of antiquarian research; among the results thus obtained being the banishing to a large extent of hymns and even anthems in many churches. On principle, he has interfered with many of his clergy in small matters, although he has done so unwillingly, and the cold comfort he held out to them—mark the ironical humour—was that in the future he would have to interfere still more; but a coherent body of legal decision on minute points of ritual he regards as impossible.

Eloquent outside the pulpit, he is a fine preacher in it. Yet he recognises that fine preachers do not, of necessity, make fine clergymen. It is the worker that the Church wants, the man whose sermon is but the outward visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace which illumines the whole of the week's work among his people. Never was this brought out so clearly as when, one day, talking to a workman, he remarked that his vicar was not a great preacher. "No, Sir," the man replied, "but when he says 'God is good' there's a smile on his face which makes us believe it, even though he isn't a good preacher." It is the personality of the man himself which makes the power of preaching, and that can be overrated, as it tends to the glorification of the man rather than the glory of God, as he once happily expressed it.

Ignorance he believes is the enemy of the Church, not only in those who do not belong to it, but in those who do; and the necessity for restating old truths exists because the Church appeals not to the power of coercion, but to conviction. The power of the Church is shown by its capacity for reaching the masses of the people. This, in his opinion, it has done better than anything else, better than all the philanthropic attempts which have been made; although his broad-mindedness is such that he admits that even the Church has not succeeded—or, at all events, he does not claim that she has succeeded—as she might have succeeded, although he is sufficiently good Churchman to believe that the days of the future will outshine the days that have gone.

Such are a few characteristics of the tall, slightly built Prelate with the bearded face and the appearance, bearing, and manner of the men who three centuries ago made the Protestantism of England rather than of the cleric of the end of the nineteenth century. A great organiser, a great worker, and a great Bishop: that is the record of the President of this year's Church Congress.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

CHARLES BYRTE.—The game is printed quite correctly. What is to prevent B to B 4th for White's eighteenth move? You say yourself it stands on Kt 5th. Surely the text-move is not an impossible one!

C HERBERT.—We are much obliged for your amended version, which shall have careful attention.

B ISAWARA AYIAR, B.A. (Puthen Chander, India).—We are pleased to learn you appreciate this column, and trust it will continue to afford you pleasure. You have not quite succeeded with No. 287.

C F PATNE (Krislingar, Bengal).—Your last problem is nothing like so good as the others, and would be of no service to us. In No. 288 there is no solution in one move as you suggest, for the obvious reason that if 1. P to Q 4th is played, Black answers with P takes P en passant.

MRS. W J BAIRD (Brighton).—The "little reminder" is as forcible as it is elegant, and we have no doubt our solvers will take a delight in refreshing their very agreeable memories of its composer.

REBERT JOHNS (Stamford).—There is no royal road but hard work. Remember, however, to keep it a game.

A E (Nottingham).—We are unable to say what is the worth of the book you mention, but it is not much.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 287 and 288 received from J. Edmunds (Valparaiso); of No. 286 from C. A. M. (Punjab); and Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 287 from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 288 from A. Tarnai (Paris); of No. 289 from Jacob Verrill (Rochester), J. Bailey (Newark), Inspector James T. Palmer (Nelson), A. W. Hamilton-Gill (Exeter), W. B. King (Aberdeen), J. D. Tucker (Oxford), W. H. M. Lewis, C. E. H. (Clifton), W. H. Hohn (Worthing), Dr. Goldsmith, and Twynham (Cotes); of No. 292 from Saint Nicolas (Guildford), W. M. Kelly (Worthing), J. Bailey (Newark), Jacob Verrill (Rochester), Dr. Goldsmith, and Captain J. A. Chichester (direct Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 293 received from Hereward, A. E. J. C. Carpenter (Liverpool), G. Cole (Swansea), H. Mantel (Basel), Shadforth, P. Dalby, Albert Wolff (Putney), W. M. Kelly (Worthing), Alpha, G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Charles Burnett, J. H. Warburton Lee (Whitechurch), C. M. A. R. K. B. Fry (Cheltenham College), W. H. B. Clifton, M. Hobbhouse, Rev. A. Mays Bedford, J. A. S. (Hampshire), F. J. Candy (Norwood), J. Hall, F. Harrison (Liverpool), T. G. (Ware), S. Davis (Leicester), Dr. F. St. M. A. Eyre (Hiltham), H. S. Brandreth (Paul), J. F. Moom, National Liberal Club, L. Rodd, A. R. Wright (Maiden Hill), P. Roberts, Sorrento, W. P. R. Clifton, E. S. (Hobbs), R. Worters (Canterbury), F. J. S. (Hampstead), C. E. Terence, Edith Corser (Reigate), Hermit, F. H. R. Reginald Gordon Kensington), H. Le Jeune, F. W. Moore (Brighton), H. Bullock Webster (Chesham), and E. E. Ford (Chesham). In the issue of Oct. 7 the number of the problem in the solvers' list was incorrectly given. It should be No. 292.

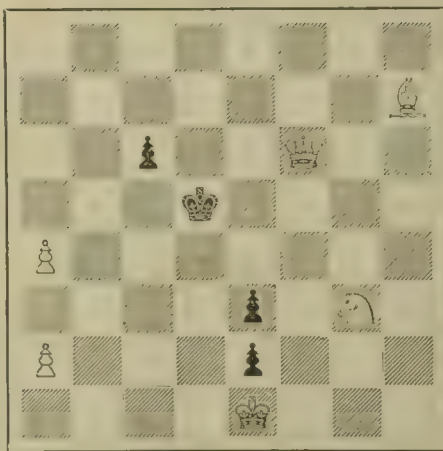
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 292.—By C. W. (Sunbury).

WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to Kt 7th. R takes R.
2. Q to K 3rd (ch). K takes Q.
3. B mates.

If Black play 1. R to R 7th, 2. B to R 4th, and mates next move with Q or B.

PROBLEM No. 295.—By E. J. WINTER WOOD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN RUSSIA.

Game played in Moscow between MESSRS. L. KOULONSKIN and S. ALEXIEN.

(Staunton's Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. K.). BLACK (Mr. A.).
1. P to K 4th. P to K 4th.
2. Kt to K B 3rd. Kt to Q B 3rd.
3. P to B 3rd. P to Q 4th.

Leading to well-known lines of play, seldom much to Black's advantage. He can play instead Kt to K B 3rd or P to Q 3rd, with a good opening.

4. Q to R 4th. P takes P.
5. Kt takes P. Q to Q 4th.
6. B to Kt 5th.

Some play here Kt takes Kt, to which the reply is P takes Kt, and Black's Queen side is very strong afterwards.

6. P to K B 4th. Kt to K 2nd.
7. Kt takes P. P takes P (en passant).
8. Kt takes P. B to Q 2nd.

Black now gets an advantage. Probably Kt takes Rt should have been played earlier by White, and certainly P to Q 4th was necessary.

9. Castles. Kt to Kt 3rd.
10. R to B 4th. Kt to K R 4th.
11. Q to Kt 3rd.

Black mates.

CONSULTATION CHESS.

Game played in Moscow between ALLIES in Consultation against Mr. TCHIGORIN.

(Vienna Game.)

WHITE (Mr. T.). BLACK (Allies).
1. P to K 4th. P to K 4th.
2. Kt to Q B 3rd. Kt to K B 3rd.
3. P to B 3rd. P to Q 4th.

The correct reply about the third move, instead of P to K 4th, would be P to K 3rd, which gives Black freedom and some counter play.

4. P to Q 3rd. P takes B 5th.
5. B takes P. B to Q Kt 5th.
6. P to K 6th.

Black's game is already superior. If White play P takes P, then Kt takes P with effect, and otherwise Black threatens P to Q 5th, or even P takes P is good.

7. P takes Kt. B to K 3rd.
8. Q to K 2nd (ch). B to K 3rd.
9. P to Q Kt 3rd.

Castle Q is too risky, although inviting. P takes P.

After Black move R to Q 4th, the rest is easily worked out, and the loss of the piece follows as a matter of course. Every one will admire the problem-like ending.

CURRENT SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The effects of light on microbic life are beginning to be known and appreciated by the public, as in days past they have been investigated and determined by scientific men. It is known that direct sunlight kills disease germs, whose vitality may be of a very tough nature indeed, in a few hours. Other applications of light towards the cure and prevention of disease are being exploited at the present time. Dr. Finsen, of Copenhagen, has been a pioneer in this work of experimentation, which has for its aim the determination of the effects of light on the course of various diseases. He has long held the theory that red light has a beneficial effect on patients suffering from certain infectious troubles, whereof scarlet fever and smallpox are illustrations. The pitting of the skin which is so common after smallpox attack is asserted to be modified or prevented when the patient is kept under red light. The practice is founded upon a first consideration of what light-rays accomplish in a normal and ordinary manner. Thus it is found that certain of the rays whereof ordinary white light is composed—blue rays, violet rays, and ultra violet rays—can produce on healthy skin a form of inflammation which we see familiarly represented in sunburn, and which may, in a typical case, end in the skin peeling off, as everybody knows. These chemical rays, it was further argued by Dr. Finsen, would tend to irritate skin-troubles which were already existent, and it was on the principle of cutting off these particular rays that the red-ray treatment of fevers was founded.

The case, however, is now reversed. For Dr. Finsen, knowing how the violet and blue rays are capable of affecting the healthy skin, utilises them to affect the epidermis when disease is present. I suppose this treatment may really be held to represent the venerable medical principle of counter-irritation. It would seem that it is only the blue and violet rays that are powerful in this respect. Other light-rays, which include the green, red, and yellow varieties, have no germ-killing or irritating effects. They are rather soothing than otherwise, and may be employed, as we have seen, for purposes other than that of slaying microbes. It is evident, however, that the direct sunlight is an agent of such uncertainty as regards its appearance that no dependence can be placed upon it for medical purposes. Besides, sunlight is a feeble thing when compared with other lights which are at present at the service of man, and so Dr. Finsen, invoking the goddess Electra, uses a most powerful electric beam. He concentrates this so that he may obtain the rays in full force, which are to act as destroyers of the microbes, and it is stated that a few seconds only suffice to kill them when exposed to the influence of the powerful light.

Experiment has shown that light penetrates the skin, and how much of our health we may owe to this power, and how much good the system of "sun-baths" may effect, can be estimated in view of this knowledge. An ingenious apparatus enables the light to be employed on patients with full force, and at the same time to be used so as to avoid burning the skin, while the skin itself is cooled by aid of another apparatus through which water is made to pass. Now the net result of the treatment of diseases by these light-rays is, to say the very least, of remarkable character. There is, in particular, a disease called lupus, which in one way is of the nature of cancer in its action, and which is often associated with tuberculosis. Applied to the ravages which lupus makes on the skin, Dr. Finsen's treatment has attained results that, as far as I know, are not to be expected from other modes of attempting to arrest the ailment. I have been looking at photographs of patients before and after treatment, and I have been reading accounts of the cases treated; and certainly there appears to be a great future before this painless application of the light-rays in the cure of a very grave disease. Even bald men may hope for hair under the light treatment. For, if, as is believed, baldness of common kind is due to the affection of a microbe for the scalp, then the light-rays may be expected to relieve the sufferer from his enemy. In cases of loss of hair, success has attended Dr. Finsen's experiments with the chemical-light rays. Possibly, therefore, the hair-specialist of the near future will number among his appliances the electric beam, which throws light on dark and bare places in more senses than one.

I have received several letters from correspondents with reference to my remarks in a former article on the use of milk as an antidote to snake-bite. One gentleman writes that he has known of an application of milk and bread to a case of adder-bite, but he does not attribute any great value to the remedy other than a soothing influence. In this view of matters there is nothing specific to be regarded in the milk as an antidote, and this is precisely the point which my American correspondent insisted upon, and concerning which I desired information. From Mexico I have an interesting letter describing a particular herb, "Yerba de la Vibora," which is used with success in snake-bite cases. My correspondent has a fox-terrier, a bloodhound, and three horses, all of which, bitten by rattlesnakes, have been cured by the herb, and are now well. Men and women bitten by snakes have also recovered by the use of this and other plants. A root employed in Mexico is called "Guaco," and is that of a plant found in very dry regions. I do not doubt that in snake-infested countries the folk-lore of medicine has succeeded in discovering vegetable remedies for snake-bite. All the evidence points to this fact; and I can understand perfectly, of course, that there may well be plant principles that act as antitoxins. It is the milk treatment regarding whose merits I am uncertain, and as yet I have received no confirmation of its value.

A correspondent, remarking that I attributed the saying, "With brains, Sir!" to Etty, the painter, adds that it has also been credited to Sir Thomas Lawrence, and by Dr. John Brown, of "Rab and his Friends" fame, to Opie. I suspect, like other smart sayings, the phrase has been handed on in a sense, and it may be difficult or impossible to trace the original source. Can any reader supply examples of other names with which the saying is associated?

ELLIMAN IN INDIA

THE WATER PIC STICKING



CHEER UP, OLD CHAP, I'VE GOT SOME ELLIMAN!

A CASE FOR ELLIMAN



FROM A SKETCH BY A GERMAN OFFICER

"ACCIDENTS AND AILMENTS."

THE ELLIMAN FIRST AID BOOK

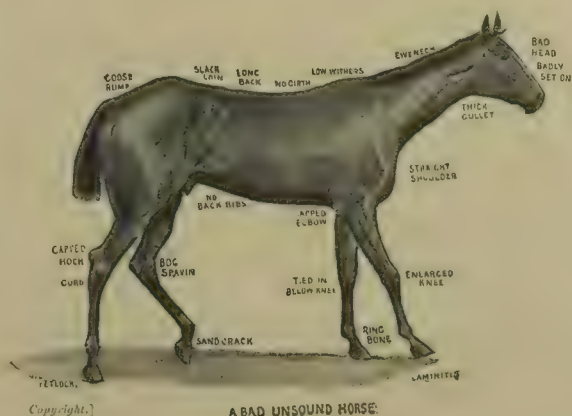
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LADIES' PAGE.

Lord Rothschild's only child's marriage could not be otherwise than a "function," but every effort was made to keep it as private as possible; there was even a special request made to the Press representatives not to describe the splendid wedding presents—including several royal gifts. The ceremony was held, too, in the comparatively small synagogue in St. Petersburg Place; a very popular location for the weddings of wealthy Jews, owing to the general attachment felt for the chief minister there, the Rev. Simeon Singer, who was, indeed, one of this particular bride's tutors in her earlier youth. The Hon. Evelina Rothschild is named after her aunt, the wife of the late Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, who died eighteen months

fastened with enamel buttons, and finished with white sailor-collars of satin, with smaller collars of muslin lace-trimmed above; white three-cornered hats edged with blue feather trimming finished the picturesque dress. These colours matched those of the little girl bridesmaids, who were attired in loose pale-blue satin frocks, with yokes of white muslin and lace insertion run through with blue velvet baby ribbon; the wrists and top of the satin bodices were smocked, and the skirts tucked with herring-boning open-work. The two elder bridesmaids, Lady Sybil Primrose (the bride's cousin, for the late Lady Rosebery was a Rothschild) and Miss Behrens, the bridegroom's sister, wore similar dresses, rather differently made, more fitting. Lady Rothschild, the bride's mother, wore the palest czar violet brocade, robed and flounced with old lace, and a white bonnet with some black feathers in it. Lady Battersea, another member of the family of the bride, was also in violet silk embroidered in spots of a deeper tone, and donned an ermine cape on leaving the church; her bonnet was gold embroidery trimmed with red roses and black lace.

The trousseau was splendid beyond description, lace being profusely used on all the lingerie, and the tea-gowns and morning-gowns especially were so numerous that one feels the lucky owner can never wear them out, but must grow weary of them all before she can feel really justified in having any fresh ones! The morning-gowns are made in spotted muslin in every imaginable colour, trimmed with Valenciennes lace; and in crêpe, trimmed with point d'esprit net. The tea-gowns are in various materials, one justly admired in blue silk crêpe trimmed with white Tibet fur, and another in pink satin with a collar of exquisite old lace. White woollen crêpe replaces flannel in some of the garments to which tradition would assign the material; while soft surah, and white lawn embroidered, accordion-kilted, and lace-flounced and inserted, compose countless petticoats. There are six dozen provided of each article of underclothing, arranged in sets, each set embroidered differently; and even the stockings are hand-embroidered, and some for evening wear have insertions of real lace.

Our Illustrations show the cloth gown of the moment. In one case, it is combined fashionably and snugly with fur, broadtail, making a yoke; the straps, piped with satin, not only decorate the gown, but also fasten it by drawing through buckles. The other gown is strapped, and the strappings are piped on the inside with satin. Velvet hats, with the ever-becoming trimming of ostrich plumes, finish both costumes.

Sumptuousness is characteristic of Messrs. Jay's styles, and the new autumn models at Regent Street do not detract from the established reputation. Their evening mantles are supreme for rich elegance. Those garments are now, by the way, almost invariably of the coat order, provided with sleeves, the disappearance of such adjuncts from evening-gowns making the opportunity of the evening-mantle sleeve. Another feature is that trains are almost as essential an appendage to the smart sortie-de-bal as to a gown for evening wear. A superb opera-mantle in pink panne took my attention greatly. It is constructed with a yoke, and also three deep foot-flounces forming a sweeping train, of billowy, foamy, pink chiffon pleatings; white lace is appliqué in lines upon the panne by means of embroideries of silver sequins, and on all this dainty lightness there is laid a revers or trimming, passing round under the yoke, of black fox, two of the animals' large heads meeting one another at the back of the shoulders. Then my admiration was challenged by a long coat of dove-grey finest cloth, profusely adorned all over with passementerie of exactly the same shade, in silk cord and lace stitches; up either side of the coat were inserted shaped motifs in grey pleated chiffon, and these were strapped over by bands of black panne held in the centre of each ornament by a little diamond buckle. All up the front and round the collar of this delightful garment was a trimming of fluffy marabout feather, still in grey. Then appeared a coat of oyster-white silk, the sleeves and sac-coat, coming a little below the waist, all embroidered closely with jet and mother-of-pearl sequins, and the lower portion to the full length entirely constructed of white chiffon kiltings over a silk lining. And still I fancy the one I most admired was in palest yellow armure,

loose-fitting, with sac-back and bell sleeves, finished by three flounces of yellow chiffon, above which insertions of lace were seen, edged by a line of gold passementerie; while down the fronts, on the sleeves, and here and there in other appropriate places, was appliqué the most exquisite trimming of leaves and flowers cut out of peach-blossom chiffon, embroidered on the yellow ground with a sparing use of tiny gold sequins—a delicious colour harmony.

On the driving and travelling coats two furs are often mixed. The heads of the poor little beasts look at you reproachfully from most garments adorned with fur. Ermine, as I reported some weeks ago, is much used, but only in the shape of trimmings of a limited quantity. The driving-coats are so long as to be almost trained,



A FASHIONABLE COSTUME FOR AUTUMN.

after her marriage, and whose name is further commemorated by the Evelina Hospital for Children, founded and munificently endowed by the bereaved husband. Miss Rothschild's bridegroom is Captain Clive Behrens, of the R.H.A.

In my opinion, the Jewish wedding service is the most beautiful and interesting extant. The bride is not asked to promise anything—her fidelity, and graciousness, and affection and duty in conjugal life are taken for granted, "without saying." I do not know if this was originally meant as a delicate compliment; but surely it is one! Then, drinking out of one cup, which is immediately shattered by the bridegroom in token that none other may ever partake but they two, is a pretty piece of symbolism. The bridegroom actually signs and delivers his promise on parchment to the bride, and it includes a formal undertaking to provide her with "all things needful to her maintenance"—absurd enough in some cases, but a useful reminder often, no doubt. During the recital of the bridal Psalms and the rest of the prayers, the bride stands under a handsome canopy of white silk, gold-embroidered and flower-trimmed; and the register and "parchment" are signed, not in the obscurity of a vestry, but publicly, on the elevated platform from which the Law is read at divine service. The only observance that grates on a Christian spectator of a Jewish wedding is that the men at keep on their hats in church, which has an appearance of indecorum to us. Otherwise, the service is all charming.

Miss Rothschild's dress was of exquisite English-made satin, specially woven to order; it was draped in front with Brussels net spotted by hand, of which the sleeves and tucked bodice were also made, and it was much trimmed with priceless old Brussels point. Part of this lace was an antique shawl; a point of it formed a tunic to the front, so that the heavily worked border of the shawl fell over a full flounce of Brussels net edged with chiffon that footed the skirt; the top of the shawl was drawn artistically up over the tucked net bodice, so that another point came exactly to the slightly low-cut throat. The train was Court length, and fell from the shoulders; it was lined with the spotted net, and bordered all round with a deep lace flounce. This train was carried by two tiny pages, dear little figures in their white satin knee-breeches, pale-blue silk shirts,



AN ELEGANT AUTUMN GOWN.

but, of course, they are not for walking in, and are the more snug for being long enough to cover the feet. Loose they are also for the most part; in one case—a pale tan box-cloth ulster, trimmed with huge pearl buttons, and a collar of mink—there was no more shape than in a man's coat: it fell loosely fitting from shoulders to feet at back and front alike. Strappings of the same cloth finish many of the coats, and large pearl buttons are essential.

For selecting material for a useful, strong walking or cycling dress, or for an afternoon-gown to suit the season, you cannot do better than send for one of Messrs. Egerton Burnett's boxes of patterns from their manufactory at Wellington, Somersetshire. There is almost an embarrassment of riches. The speciality of the house, as everybody knows, is the "Royal" serge, so called not merely out of compliment, but because her Majesty herself has honoured the makers with her orders. It is in various colours and prices, but the special quality supplied direct to the Queen is 7s. 6d. per yard, double width; it is the softest and finest material imaginable, made from special long fibres and a pure wool fabric. The "Shrink-naught twills" would make an ever-wearing costume. The variations in price in one of these interesting pattern-books is a lesson on the difficulty of judging correctly by appearances. Some of the materials at half-a-crown a yard or even less are as charming to the eye and touch as those twice or three times the amount. Clearly, the best thing to do is to patronise a firm of such standing, and pay as much as you can afford, so as to be sure of getting value for money. Egerton Burnett's have a tailoring department to make up their own materials to measurement taken by the customer.

In common gratitude I ought to, and I do, thank the conductors of the *Lady's Pictorial* for giving me many a useful hint. It is well known that the *Lady's Pictorial* was the first paper to issue Special Fashion Numbers. Of great service have I found them in the past. Hence it is with keen anticipations of pleasure and profit that I am looking forward to the publication, on Oct. 19, of the Shilling Autumn Fashion Number Extraordinary of the *Lady's Pictorial*, which should be ordered in advance, of your newsagent, or at 172, Strand, to secure a copy.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 15, 1885), with three codicils (dated Feb. 20, 1889, April 21, 1890, and July 15, 1896), of Mr. Peter Thellusson, J.P., of Broadworth Hall, Yorkshire, who died on May 17, was proved in London on Sept. 29 by Herbert Thellusson and Charles Thellusson, the brothers, and Horace Edward Golding, the executor, the value of the estate being £136,897. The testator gives to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth St. Clair Thellusson, £2000, such furniture as she may select to the value of £200, and an annuity of £1200 during her life or widowhood, or of £600 should she again marry; and to his brother Charles an £1000 Edward Golding, £100 each. He leaves the residue of his real and personal estate to his eldest surviving brother, Herbert Thellusson.

The will (dated Dec. 19, 1898), with two codicils (dated Dec. 20, 1898), of Mr. Alfred Thomas Layton, of Holmlea, Addiscombe Road, Croydon, formerly a partner in Messrs. Waterlow Brothers and Layton, who died on Aug. 3, was proved on Oct. 3 by Mrs. Mary Gledney Layton, the widow; Edward John Stubbs Layton, the nephew, and Henry Drew Wood, the executors, the value of the estate being £97,457. The testator gives £400, his stock of the

Stationers' Company, the money in his house, and all the household furniture and effects to his wife; £100 each to the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb (Old Kent Road), the Croydon Hospital, the Reedham Asylum, and the Hospital for Incurables; £150 per annum each to his sisters, Ellen Fanny Robinson and Eliza Mary Layton, during the life of his wife; £200 each to his executors; the plate presented to him by the inhabitants of Croydon, and twelve of the silver champagne-cups given to him by the Hon. the Irish Society to his nephew, Edward John Stubbs

Layton; and the other twelve cups to his brother John; and many other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and at her death, subject to the payment of a few legacies upon sundry trusts, for his brother and two sisters and their issue.

The will (dated Nov. 12, 1898), with a codicil (dated March 3, 1899), of Mrs. Adelaide Anna Whitmore, of 68, Eaton Place, and of Sunnyside, Coalbrookdale, Salop, who died on July 16, was proved on Sept. 30 by Alfred Edmund William Darby and Robert Edward Leman, the executors, the value of the estate being £92,035. The testatrix gives £100 each to her executors; £500 to her friend Charles Dalison; a legacy to her maid and an annuity to her maid's mother. The residue of her property she leaves to her sister, Mrs. Matilda Frances Darby.

The will (dated March 14, 1899) of Mr. Joseph Flitcroft Fletcher, of Kingslyn, Grange Road, Upper Norwood, formerly of Leigham Court, Streatham, who died on Aug. 13, was proved on Sept. 29 by Charles William Philpot, M.D., the son-in-law, and Herbert William Rogers, the executors, the value of the estate being £89,508. The testator gives £100 to Charles William Philpot; £250 to Herbert William Rogers; £50 to his coachman, George Washington; and specific gifts of his furniture, plate, and pictures to his children. The residue of his property he leaves to his eight children, Florence Elizabeth Philpot, James, Constance, Franklyn, Frederick, Ada Marion Dumsterville, Edith Mary Johnson, and Madeline.

The will (dated June 28, 1899) of Mr. Robert Forman Todhunter, of Campions, Ridge, Herts, was proved on Oct. 2 by Joseph Todhunter, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £69,503. The testator gives his dwelling-house and estate, called Campions, with the household furniture and effects, carriages, horses, and live and dead stock, to his sister, Annie Todhunter; and gifts to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his brother and sister jointly, to be disposed of by them as they may think fit.

The will (dated Aug. 12, 1884), with a codicil (of Dec. 17, 1892), of Mr. John Copeman, J.P., of St. Stephen's House, Newmarket Road, Norwich, who died on June 27, was proved on Sept. 27 by Henry John Copeman, the son, and Miss Emily Jane Copeman, the daughter, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £41,253, and the net personalty £22,181. The testator gives his shares in the company carrying on the Norfolk News, the Eastern Daily Press, the Eastern Evening Press, and the Eastern Evening News to his son Henry John Copeman, and appoints him to be one of the Committee of Management thereof. He also gives £100 each to Ellen Ann Buck, Lucy Margaret Buck, and John William Buck, Edward Buck, and George Norman Meacham; £200 to Louise Elizabeth Meacham; £1000, upon trust, for his sister-in-law, Sarah Ann Copeman, for life, and then for

her children; £4000, upon trust, for the children of his deceased daughter, Elizabeth Sarah Makins; £100 to his brother, Jonathan Davey Copeman; £50 each to his executors; £1000 each to his daughters, Emily Jane and Lucy Anne, and £3000 each, upon trust, for them and their children; his furniture and effects and jewels to those of his children living with him at the time of his death; and legacies to persons in his employ. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

The will (dated April 9, 1884) of Mr. Kenrick Rastall Carr Dickinson, of 138, Highbury New Park, who died on Aug. 16, was proved on Oct. 2 by Charles Henry Dickinson and Thomas Edmund Dickinson, the sons, two of the surviving residuary legatees, the value of the estate being £25,057. The testator gives £500, his furniture and household effects, carriages and horses, and the income, during her life or widowhood, of his residuary estate to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Dickinson. Subject thereto he leaves his property to his children, Mary, Laura Emily Edwards, Charles Henry, William Rastall, Thomas Edmund, Amy Sarah Turner, Edward Arthur, Blanche, Kenrick Rastall, and Percy Rastall, and the children of any deceased child.

The will of Mr. John Cordeaux, of Great Coates House, Great Coates, Lincolnshire, who died on Aug. 1, was proved on Sept. 27 by Mrs. Mary Ann Cordeaux, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £6689.

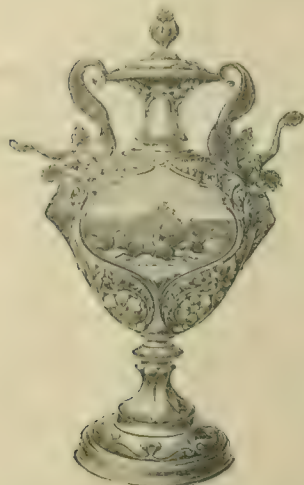
The will of Mr. Francis Edward Hicks, F.R.C.S., of Longmead, Buntingford, Herts, and formerly of Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, who died on Aug. 11, was proved on Sept. 27 by Mrs. Caroline Mary Hicks, the widow, the Rev. Charles Harvey and Charles Gayton, the executors, the value of the estate being £7456.

The will of Mr. George Pearson, of Thornhill, Old Swinford, Stowbridge, who died on July 19, was proved on Sept. 30 by Albert Henry Pearson, the son, and Henry Perry, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £10,183.



A HUNT PRESENTATION.

An interesting presentation was made last Friday by the members of the Tadworth Hunt to the family of the late Mr. Charles Pearson, who was for many years Master of the Tadworth Hounds. The presentation took the form of a silver model of his favorite horse, *Imogene*. The statuette, manufactured by Elkington and Co., Regent Street, is 21 in. high.



THE VASE AND CUP.

The Vase and Cup, presented to the Tadworth Hunt by the members of the Hunt, are made of silver and are of the same design as the one shown in the illustration.

SOLID SILVER.
FOR
WEDDING AND OTHER
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SHOW-ROOMS:

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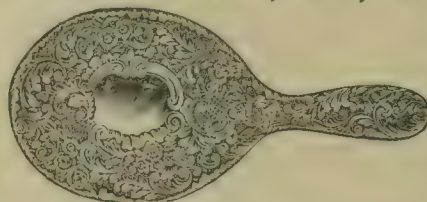


Solid Silver "Patience" Card-Box, with Picture-Card-Holder, containing Two Cards.

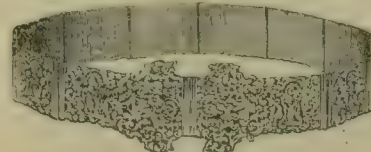


MAPPIN BROTHERS' "SKIRMISHER" WATCH (Regd.)

Specially recommended by an R.A. Officer for Active Service; also invaluable for Golf, Cycling, &c. Case, with Wristlet, Nickel Silver, £1 10s.; Solid Silver, £2 5s.; 18-ct. Gold, £3.



Louis XVI. design (Regd.), Richly Chased Solid Silver Hand-Mirror, £3 12s. Hair-Brush to match, £1 8s. and £1 10s.



Solid Silver Richly Chased Waist-Belt, £6. Other designs in stock, from £2 15s.



Solid Silver Richly Chased Lady's Card-Case, Leather Lined, with Pencil, £2 5s.

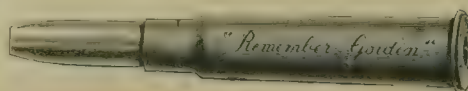


Fancy Inlaid Buhl Clock, Gilt Mounts, 12½ in. high.
8-day Timepiece, non-striking, £2 10s.
14-day " striking on gong, £3 5s.

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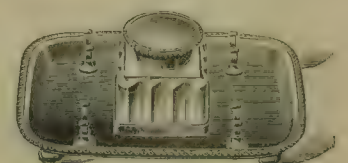
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MAPPIN BROTHERS HAVE THE EXCLUSIVE SALE OF THESE PENCILS, AND HAVE ARRANGED TO DEVOTE 10 PER CENT. OF THE VALUE TO THE FUND OF THE GORDON MEMORIAL COLLEGE AT KHARTOUM.

Metal Screw Action, 4s. 6d. L up for attaching to Watch Chain, 1s. 6d. extra.
Silver Ratchet Action (as illustration), 10s. 6d. Silver Loop, 2s. 6d. "
Solid Gold and Platinum, including Gold Loop, £3.



Antique Gildon Tokland, very massive, with Ten-Rolls, Ball Feet, Round Gold-Case Bottle, size 8½ in. by 6½ in., £7 10s.

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In the manufacture of Sunlight Soap
The Best Materials
 only are employed in
The Best Manner
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Sunlight Soap

is a friend indeed on wash-day. When once you learn the ease and comfort of the "Sunlight Way" of washing you will find in it a friend
 YOU WILL NEVER GO WITHOUT.

Sunlight Soap is manufactured under
The Best Hygienic
 conditions possible; and under
The Best Tests
 to keep up the quality. Therefore,

 **SUNLIGHT SOAP** is THE BEST SOAP in the World for all-round use. 

WHENCE THE BOERS CAME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Amsterdam: Sunday.

"Don't come too near to my paintings," said Rembrandt on more than one occasion; "don't come too close to them; they smell." Whether the warning was a trick on the great Dutch artist's part lest a too close examination of his handiwork should reveal some of his technique I am unable to say. There is, however, no doubt that many of the picturesque scenes one meets here at every step smell. It is the only drawback to the thorough enjoyment one derives from the walks through the busy streets, ringing with the incessant clanging of the tramway-bells, the rumbling of the hand-carts—the word "barrow" would scarcely fit any of them—and the cries of the vendors of all kinds of commodities. A dozen steps are, as a rule, sufficient to get away from the bustling crowd and to reach the silent banks of the silent canals—silent in spite of their activity as waterways—and then there is an absolute feast to the visual organs of the lover of peaceful, dreamy scenery—although it is not a feast to his olfactory organs.

The Dutch themselves do not appear to mind this constant assailing of one of their five senses. It is questionable whether the sense is thus assailed. The Dutch have, in fact, many facetious sayings to show that this effluvia in no way interferes with their enjoyment of things. One is to the effect that he who takes more than

a noseful of it is a glutton, and deserves the evil consequences of his greediness—if there be any. They boast, and not unjustly, I believe, that their country is one of the healthiest in Europe, and their capital the healthiest in the land. On the face of it, their boast is not an empty one. A merely cursory observation of the people in the streets of Amsterdam and the adjacent towns has led me to conclude that there are few bodily weaklings of either sex. One but rarely meets with a pale-faced girl, evidently suffering from poverty of blood; and the men, young and middle-aged, though very often below the average height, are generally sturdy of limb. The Dutch infantry of the line are, indeed, very short, and so are the marines; but it is a pleasure to look at them, especially with the French *piou-piou* in one's mind, for they are the perfection of neatness and tidiness.

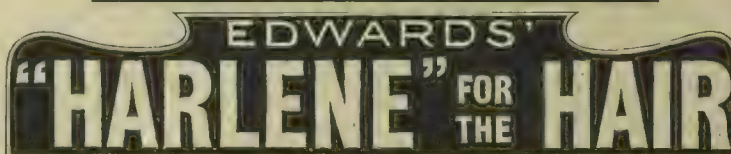
Their trimness and cleanliness are, however, as nothing to those of the servant-girls. From the soles of their by no means tiny feet to the top of their dazzlingly white caps, there is not a speck on them. Their roomy prunella slippers, their print gowns, with ample white serviceable, not toy, aprons, their headgear, in many respects like that worn by our servant-maids, induce comparisons, and not always in favour of our female domestics. For the Dutch servant-maid is not only not above "going errands," but performs them in her habit as she lives. She never leaves her mistress to wait while she changes her house-boots for more solid shoe-leather, or her cap for a sailor or what she

considers more ornamental headgear; she takes up her basket and walks, picking her way across the roads, and along the footways, which, to be fair, are rarely very muddy. I am not sufficiently versed in the science of constructing roads to determine the cause of this absence of mire, which to me is wonderful. Climate and the paucity of the factory-chimney may account to a great extent for this gratifying condition of affairs; to me the explanation lies in the almost constant watchfulness of five hundred scavengers.

The city only numbers half a million of inhabitants, and according to these, is most heavily rated. Everything seems fish that comes to the Town Council's net, which appears to be made of small meshes. One pays five per cent. on one's ticket for all public entertainments. The percentage is reckoned separately, as in days of yore in Paris, where it went, and still goes, to the poor. Here it benefits poor and rich alike. It is a tax that should be twice blessed, and if I am to judge, it must yield a pretty considerable amount, for those Dutch are inveterate theatre-goers and pleasure-seekers. I am not aware of the exact number of theatres and music-halls; I have been to four different ones, and there are certainly close upon a dozen more to be visited. That makes fourteen for half a million of souls. At that rate there ought to be at least a hundred and forty in our Metropolis, and I doubt whether there are more than half. More of Amsterdam next week.

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Has the distinguished honour of being used in almost every Royal Palace throughout the World.

Under Royal Patronage.**"HARLENE"**

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THE GREAT HAIR PRODUCER AND RESTORER

The Finest Dressing, Specially Prepared and Delicately Perfumed. A Luxury and a Necessity to every Modern Toilet.



11, Nydd Vale Terrace, Harrogate.

Gentlemen,—I have pleasure in enclosing my photograph, showing my wealth of hair as a result of using "HARLENE," and will always recommend it and testify to its efficacy.

Yours faithfully,
JENNIE WILLEY.



Monsieur Philosophow is commanded by
**HER MAJESTY
THE QUEEN OF GREECE**

to forward cheque for the six bottles of
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H.R.H. Princess Marie of Greece wishes six bottles of Edwards' "Harlene" for the Hair sent immediately.

Crown Prince's Palace, Athens, Greece.

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Please send me three bottles of "Harlene" for the Hair by return.

"HARLENE"

Produces Luxuriant Hair. Prevents its Falling Off or Turning Grey. Unequalled for Promoting the Growth of the Beard and Moustache. The Renowned Remedy for Baldness. For Preserving, Strengthening, and Rendering the Hair Beautifully Soft. For Removing Sun and Dandruff, &c., also for Restoring Grey Hair to its Original Colour.

"HARLENE" Preserves, Strengthens, and Invigorates Children's Hair. Cleanses the Scalp, and allays Irritation.

Full Description and Directions for Use in 30 Languages Supplied with every Bottle.

1/-, 2/6, and (3 times 2/6 size) 4/6 per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores all over the World, or sent direct on receipt of Postal Orders.



19, Elm Road, London, N.W.

Gentlemen,—Last Autumn my hair was falling out very rapidly. I used two bottles of "HARLENE," and am now able to play my part at the Theatre without wearing a wig. You are at liberty to use my name and photograph showing the wonderful result.

Faithfully yours,
CONSTANCE STUART.

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Smoker, Say Bill, I'll swap you
this nigger for that tin of **PIONEER TOBACCO**.
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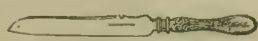
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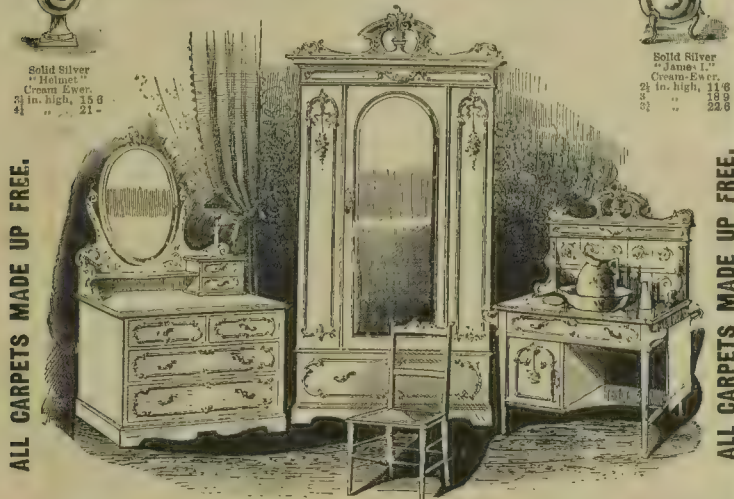
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If with bevelled plates, 10 6 extra. If with leg Toilet-Table instead of Dressing Chest, 10 6 less.

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Women suffer more than men.

They live nearer the breaking-down point than men do.

Their duties and constitutions play more tricks on their appetite, and they are usually ready to exert themselves more than the nourishment they take warrants. Their resources often amaze us.

The trouble is to induce them to take proper care of themselves.

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Its stimulating and restorative powers are best evidenced with convalescents, who rally quickly, when Hall's Wine is given them.

Moreover, it wards off all those complaints that attack you when the blood is poor or the system run down, such as Neuralgia, Influenza, Sleeplessness, mental and physical fatigue: in fact, all weakness; and often when you are already in the throes of these complaints it will give astonishingly quick relief.

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A VERY
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Distilled from
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And see that FERD. MÜLHENS' name is on every bottle. 3/-, 5 6, 9/-, 20/- per Bottle.
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THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITIONS.

By a process of inversion, the art season in London is heralded by the latest coming in that field. The rival displays of dexterity and knowledge at one time might have been known as "Art and Science," but the distinction has been much lost of late, not a few members of the Royal Photographic Society being fully able to hold their own against the younger "Salon." What strikes the visitor at both exhibitions is the large amount of space occupied by portraits and figure subjects. In that of the Photographic Society, held at the gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, this was inevitable, in view of the number of professional photographers who have supported the Society for many years, and have done so much to raise photography to its present position. It is consequently to this Society that students of photography naturally turn to learn the latest technical

improvements, while the more ambitious who aim at pictorial effect lean to the Salon.

We doubt very much if the principles which should guide the judges in awarding prizes have been laid down to regulate this sort of competition, and it would have saved much heartburning and jealousy if this truism had been earlier admitted. There can be no contesting the fact that such works as Mr. J. H. Gash's (carbon) "Summer Shades" (130), Mr. C. F. Inston's (bromide) "After Rain" (191), and Mr. W. R. Bland's (platinum) "In Wicks Church" (217) are admirable, and well deserving of the medals they obtain; but one would like to know upon what grounds they are judged superior to Mr. W. T. Greatbatch's "Frozen Marsh" (122), Mr. Frazer's "Moonlight on the Plaza" (104), and Mr. Horsley Hinton's "Sun Breezes" (113), which are representative of the three different processes, but are not considered worthy of special distinction. To

the outward eye the difference of treatment is difficult to seize; but in ignorance of the unwritten code of umpires' rules, one is at a loss to apply the test. These names have been selected at hazard; but there is abundance of excellent work contributed by many others, among whom Mr. Page Croft, Mr. Brooman White, Mr. John Bushby, and Mr. Alfred Stieglitz for portraits and figure subjects, and Mr. Dockree, Mr. Bernard Moore, Mr. J. H. Gear, and Mr. F. A. Bolton for landscapes and seascapes, may be especially singled out.

The Salon, as usual, holds its exhibition at the Egyptian Hall, and those who are interested in seeing to what extent photography can be employed to imitate manual work may spend a profitable hour in examining the productions of these artists in photography. No one will grudge Mr. George Davison the place of honour assigned to his "Hayling Island" (146), which is a perfect picture, without pretending to be anything other than a

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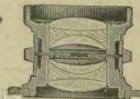
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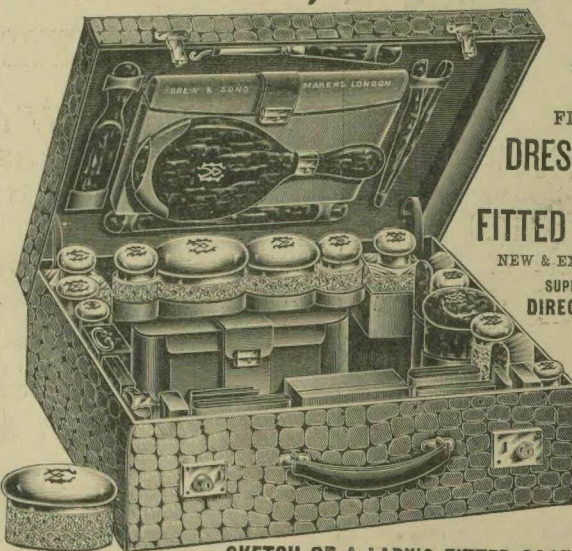
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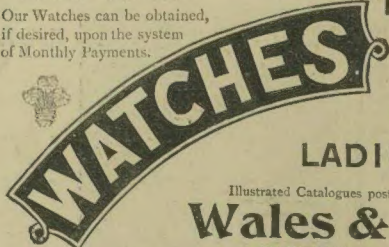
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photograph—a meed of praise which cannot be accorded to all exhibitors. Not less successful in a very different way is Mr. Craig Annan's masterful portrait of Mr. W. Q. Orchardson (221), the painter. Mr. Histed, Mr. F. Watts-Lee, Miss M. Devens, and Mr. Harold Baker are also adepts in this art of producing character-photographs. One catches in the faces portrayed something of the persons represented, and in this respect it must be admitted that the new school has brought about a desirable revolution, and that "a pleasing likeness" will not in future be the aim of the amateur as of the professional photographer. Among the landscapists there is also evidence of a great advance towards a more artistic appreciation of Nature. They have begun to discover that however possible it may be to take pictures under all conditions

of light and atmosphere, it is not always expedient to do so. The proper moment when Nature is at her best has to be sought for, and can only be found by those who have patience, sympathy, and a true eye for the harmony of the scene. Dr. Hugo Henneberg, although at times inclined to be experimental, is a sure guide, and the same may be said of Mr. Ralph Robinson, Mr. A. Keighley, Mr. Charles Moss, and Mr. Walter Benington. Not the least interesting feature of the Salon is that its portals are open on equal terms to foreigners as well as to our own countrymen, and to this policy of the open door we owe the works of Miss Ben Yusuf, Mr. Birchall, Mrs. Bullock, Mr. F. W. Lee, Mrs. Cabot, Mrs. Kasebier, and many other American photographers of marked ability and originality. To France we are indebted for the less conventional work

of M. Brémard, M. Demachy, and M. Puyo, and from Austria and Germany also come a few specimens of the progress made in artistic photography in those countries; but they are too few in number and too small in importance to give one an adequate idea of the actual state of the art there.

In conclusion, we can cordially commend both exhibitions to the attentive study of that innumerable army of photographers and kodak-carriers who throng the main thoroughfares of every town, and swarm like bees upon every picturesque country spot at home and abroad. They might find that their snap-shots were less frequent, if they wished to emulate the exhibitors at these exhibitions, but the self-restraint displayed would probably show itself in the results attained.

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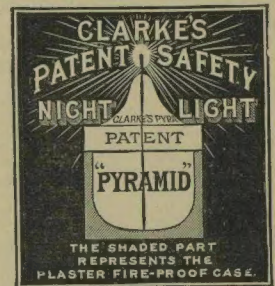
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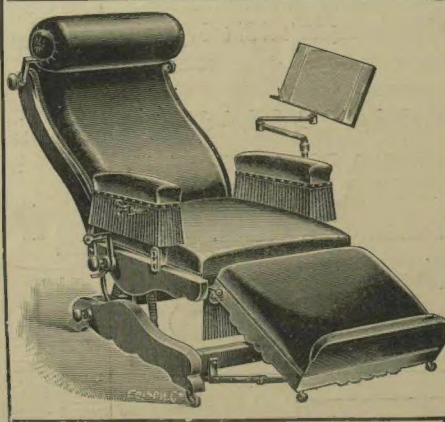
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